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# Froude's Crusade--Both Sides.

LECTURES BY

VERY REV. T. N. BURKE, O. P.,

JOHN MITCHEL,

WENDELL PHILLIPS,

AND

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,

IN SUMMING UP THE CONTROVERSY ; WITH THE

**LIFE AND LABORS OF FATHER BURKE.**

BY JAMES W. O'BRIEN ;

AND EDITORIAL ARTICLES OF THE LEADING JOURNALS OF THE COUNTRY  
REGARDING THE DEBATE.

ILLUSTRATED.

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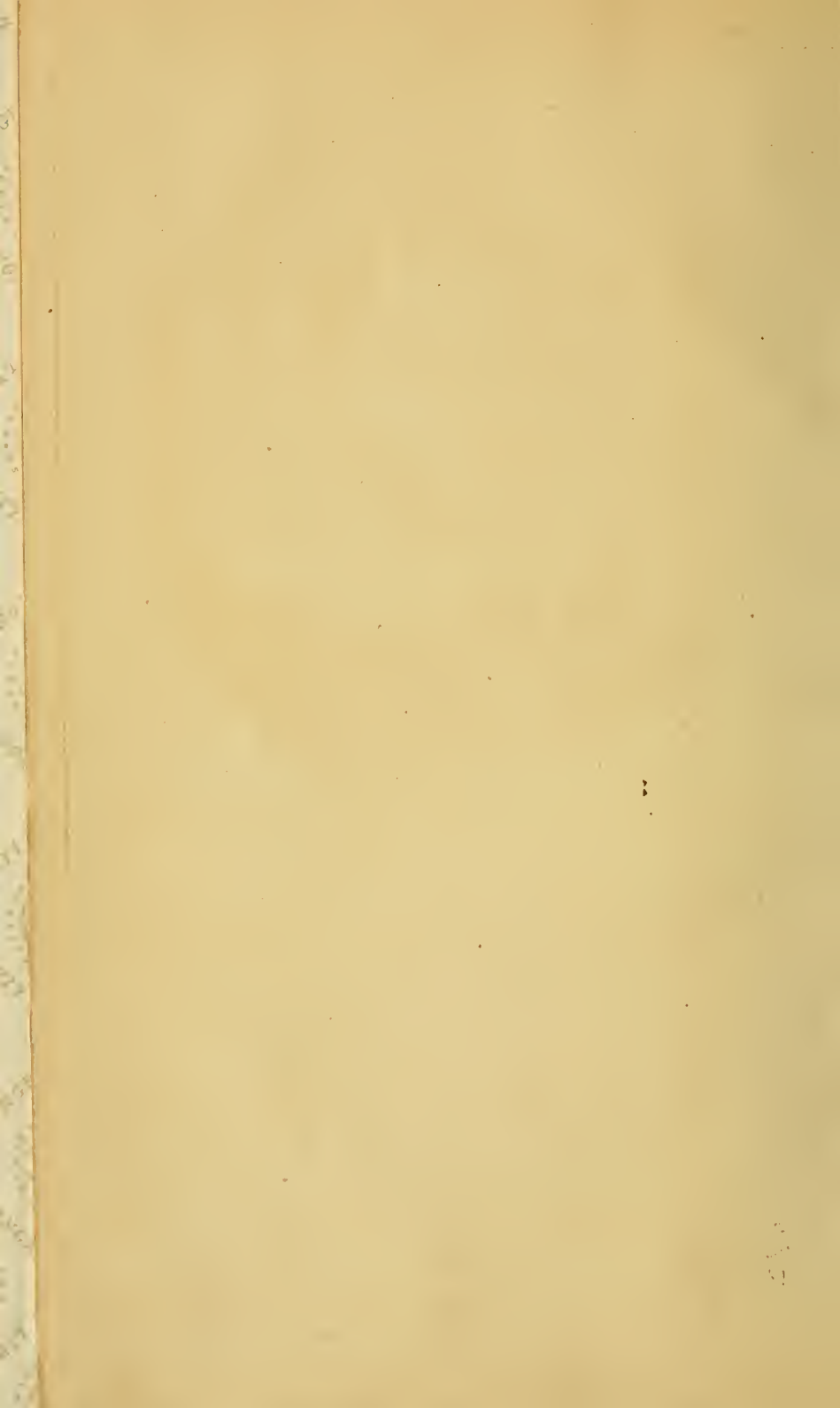
NEW YORK :

J. W. O'BRIEN, PUBLISHER,

142 Nassau Street.

1873.







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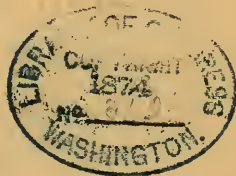
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## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

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The lectures of the Very Rev. Father Burke, Mr. Froude, John Mitchel, and Wendell Phillips, on the Anglo-Irish controversy, which we present in this publication, exhibit the drift and spirit of the entire discussion. They form, it may be said, the final summing up of the case, preparatory to its being committed to the jury for their verdict, as proposed by the English advocate. It seemed fair to give the Englishman's case, as he stated it, side by side with the Irish defence. So we give, in the first place, Mr. Froude's review of Father Burke, and then the rejoinder of the Irish Dominican—poison and antidote together.—Then John Mitchel's lecture,—remarkable for the fervor, brilliancy, and learning which give to the writings of this eminent Irish patriot the greatest charm of any in the language. Wendell Phillips' trenchant review of Froude, couched in the magnificent language of that peerless orator of America, and analyzing the Englishman and his cause—rather dissecting them as with the keen blade of a surgeon—is one of the most notable documents which the controversy has called forth. The sketch of Father Burke and the editorial articles of the leading American journals are instructive and important.

Accurate and complete reports of all these lectures, taken specially for the publisher by the most accomplished stenographers of New York, and carefully revised before printing, secure to the reader the benefit of the best light shed upon this question by the very ablest minds. By presenting them in this cheap and convenient form, it is aimed to secure the attention of many who might not be reached in any other way. Those who are induced to read this little work will doubt-

less be eager to extend their inquiries further into the subject by procuring the larger publications regarding it. Before the delivery of Father Burke's lecture in Brooklyn, the publisher obtained the consent of the Dominican authorities in this city to report and publish it in this collection. The information and arguments contained in these four lectures should be known to every Irish man and woman, especially in this land, where we are deeply concerned in the issue as here made up.

J. W. O'B.

*New York, Dec. 28, 1872.*

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## ERIN'S FLAG.

BY REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

[The following beautiful production deserves to be rescued from the ephemeral fate of a newspaper article. We take it from the New Orleans *Morning Star*. Father Ryan—"the poet priest of the South"—has never written anything sweeter, or more electrifying, or more exquisite in a literary sense, than this.]

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!  
Let it float o'er the land, let it wave o'er the seas;  
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,  
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore  
That never!—no!—never, while God gave the life,  
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,  
That never!—no!—never, that banner should yield  
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;  
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,  
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old!  
Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its gold,  
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years,  
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears;  
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,  
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.  
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,  
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.  
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high;  
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green;  
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen,  
What!—though the tyrant has trampled it down,  
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?  
What!—though for ages it droops in the dust,  
Shall it droop thus forever?—No! No! God is just!  
Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,  
Let him tear the Green Flag—we'll snatch its last shred,  
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefather's bled,  
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead;—

And we'll swear by the blood that the Briton has shed—  
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread—  
And we'll swear by the thousands who famished, unfed,  
Died down in the ditches—wild howling for bread.  
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled;  
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,  
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;  
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,  
'Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead  
Shall prove to the foe that we meant what we said—  
THAT WE'LL LIFT UP THE GREEN, AND WE'LL TEAR DOWN THE RED!

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home;  
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam:  
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,  
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded or furled;  
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,  
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,  
'Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,  
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,  
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,  
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! Take it up! bear it back from afar—  
That Banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war—  
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your eyes to the sky,  
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,—  
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,  
To join in the march to the land of their birth,  
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,  
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,  
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,  
They'll march to the music of "Home, sweet Home."



# VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.,

## SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

BY JAMES W. O'BRIEN.

So much of this book has been contributed by the Very Rev. Father Burke, that our readers will doubtless be interested by a brief sketch of this extraordinary Irishman and priest. We therefore have collected such facts as were attainable, and present a short narrative of his magnificent career in this country and Europe. For the particulars relating to Father Burke, previous to his advent on this continent, the writer is indebted to a gentleman already mentioned.

### FATHER BURKE IN IRELAND AND ROME.

The great Irish Dominican—the preacher of the “Order of Preachers,” the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, whose portrait we give in this work—is a native of the town of Galway, where his parents were in comfortable circumstances. He was born in 1830, being therefore only forty-two years old. At a very early age he gave evidence of the ability for which he has since been distinguished, even among an Order of divines famed for producing some of the greatest lights of the Catholic Church. As a boy his natural gifts as a speaker attracted attention: he was the “orator” of his schoolmates and associates; and at a time when the agitation of public affairs in Ireland had brought out a host of intellectual giants, foremost among whom were the enthusiastic Nationalists, who, in the name of “Young Ireland,” had sprung into the front ranks of their country’s struggle, it was confidently predicted, that “young Tom Burke” would, at a not distant day, make a figure as prominent as any of them in the political arena. But Providence had destined him for a different field of usefulness, and his own inclinations led him to make choice of a religious life, at a period when the ideas of most youths have scarcely received the bias that affects their after course. At the age of seventeen (in 1847), he went to Rome, and from thence to Perugia, where he entered the Order of St. Dominic, commencing his novitiate and the study of philosophy. From thence he was again sent to Rome, where he studied theology at the College of the Minerva and Sancta Sabina. After having thus spent five years in Italy, he was sent by the Superiors of his Order to England, where he was ordained. He spent four years on the English mission, in Gloucestershire; and was then sent to Ireland, to found a novitiate and house of studies for his Order, at Tallaght near Dublin. This he successfully accomplished; and for the next seven years he was busily employed in the care of the new establishment, and in giving missions in different parts of Ireland, the results of which foreshadowed the great and constantly augmenting success he was yet to attain as one of the most effective preachers of the Dominican community.

He was next sent to Rome as Superior of St. Clement’s—the oldest Basilica in the “Eternal City”—around which cluster so many glorious reminiscences of the zeal, virtue and learning of the Irish Dominicans. He was not long there when his services were put in requisition. The late Cardinal Wiseman, while in Rome, had been wont to deliver the customary Lenten sermons in English, at the Church of Sancta Maria del Popolo. When he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and had to proceed to England, his place was taken by the present Archbishop Manning. The news of Cardinal Wiseman’s death reached Rome before the commencement of the Lenten season; Dr. Manning was obliged to leave suddenly for London; and Father Burke was called upon, at short notice, to supply his place; which he did with such wonderful power as to astonish all Rome with the brilliancy of his talents, the grandeur of his conceptions, and the fervor and piety which breathed



through all his discourses. He continued to preach these Lenten sermons for five years. His last appearance in that capacity, was, we believe, immediately previous to the assembling of the Vatican Council. There are few Americans who have been in Rome that have not heard him; and his fame as a preacher is as well known throughout this Continent as it is in his native land. Since Father Burke's departure from Rome the English Lenten sermons at Sancta Maria have been discontinued; and the Italian "occupation" has now so altered the state of affairs that there is no telling if they will ever be renewed in that church.

After his return to Ireland, Father Burke was attached to St. Saviour's, the Dominican church, in Dublin, which replaced the well-known old chapel in Denmark street; but his time was constantly occupied in preaching charity sermons in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in conducting retreats for the clergy, of which he has given on an average twelve every year since 1859, when he began by giving one to one hundred and fifty students at Maynooth College.

### HIS ADVENT IN AMERICA.

In the early part of 1872 he visited this country, having been appointed by the authorities of his order, Visitor to the Houses of the Dominican Community on this Continent. In this great country a man of his mould cannot long remain in the retirement so grateful to natures like his. Yielding, perforce, as it were, to the entreaties of his brother priests, to gratify the yearning of their flocks to hear one who was said to be a true type at once of Ireland's priesthood, and of her orators, he attracted multitudes to drink in his eloquence and his teachings. The other races that dwell upon this land, as well as his own race, contributed large numbers to his congregations. While most came to applaud and admire, there were, of course, some of a more critical disposition ready to analyze and comment on what they heard so much of. Criticism is something the average American citizen clings to as one of the inalienable rights. Of criticism our nationality has had a full share in this country.

This spirit of criticism applied to Father Burke by the ablest minds in America, redounded at once to the glory of Ireland. It was a triumph for us all. Our representative priest and preacher had all the qualifications of a great orator—a dignified presence, graceful and vigorous action in gesticulation, and a fine baritone voice, rich in the musical intonations in which the Celtic tongue excels all others. He is a thorough linguist, and preaches in several of the Continental languages with as much facility as he does in English. Of the impression he makes on all who hear him volumes might be written; but we shall content ourselves with citing, on that point, the judgment, of a gentleman, not of our race, but who is entitled by his learning, his experience and his position as one of the ablest writers in America, to give a reliable opinion as to the qualities of a Catholic preacher. Mr. McMaster, in the *New York Freeman's Journal*, of March 9th, 1872, says:

"It is several months ago that the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, of the order of St. Dominic, by the command of the General of the Order, came to this country as *Visitor* of his Order. Father Thomas Burke is known all over Europe, as a great apostolic preacher. It is especially in Rome where most of his life has been passed, that his reputation is so great. He has passed very quietly through this country, and has visited all the houses of his Order. Only, wherever he goes, after he has preached once, the faithful flock around the pulpit, and around the church, if he preaches a second time, as bees gather round a bed of jessamines. In humiliation of soul we acknowledge that we had little care to hear Father Burke preach. We plead, in extenuation, that an experience of twenty-five years, of 'grand orators,' has led us to expect in any one of them, to find a *grand humbug*. Even in the Catholic pulpit, of those *renowned* for 'extraordinary eloquence,' we can count on the fingers of one hand—leaving the thumb uncounted—all we have ever heard that did not, in fifteen minutes, make us wish his place was filled by some one who would be giving

us a simple Catholic instruction, adapted to ours, and other humblest intellects. So we acknowledge a prejudice against pulpit celebrities.

“But what kind of a preacher is this Dominican Father Burke? What is the power by which he holds hushed and breathless, each one in a crowded congregation; alike the most learned and critical, and the rough men with little either of sentiment or education? A natural gift of oratory no one can mistake in him. He has the richness of voice, and the persuasiveness of accent, that God has lavished so largely on his countrymen. But these are ‘tricks of the tongue,’ that the man of trained intellect can arm himself against, even while he admires them. But *Fra. Burke* disarms this trained intellectual listener, because in him, it is neither *trick* nor *art*—

“It is the *gift* God has given him, and that he has consecrated to God! The honey-dew that drops from his lips is distilled from a soul consecrated to God, and an intellect saturated and *steeped* in the learning and piety of the Saints and Doctors of the Church.”

### HIS INFLUENCE UPON THE IRISH AMERICAN ELEMENT.

The result of his influence was a complete revolution of sentiment in this country, regarding the Church and the Irish race and nation. The Irish mechanic was no longer slighted in his shop. After “Father Tom Burke” had come to town and expounded some topic connected with his religion or his race, that town was a brighter place for his countrymen on the morrow; they were hailed by men whose former prejudices had been swept away by the flood of light he poured upon them and the Irish merchant had a heartier grasp from the ‘strait’ “church member” who had never before seen anything to admire in the religion or national record of our people. Our paths were made pleasanter by Father Burke. Avenues of advancement were opened by the force of his great mind and soul and our own people held a higher head and a firmer step in this land, for this Irish priest and patriot planted in their breasts a more generous pride in their ancient nation and a more glowing devotion to the glorious religion that had sanctified and crowned it in the past and gave such champions as this Dominican preacher to plead its cause, defend its history and assert its rights. Many and many a young fellow born of Irish parents has been saved from that lamentable indifference, which we see sometimes, towards our creed and country by the voice of this gifted Irishman whose towering intellect compelled admiration and whose priestly character added to that the sentiment of religious respect and enthusiasm. Thus this humble Friar that has come to us from Ireland has perhaps unconsciously wrought out a revolution here in our favor and has effected a social and religious revival and reformation among us which will cause his name long to be remembered with gratitude everywhere and will produce blessings here long after he is called to his reward.

Invitations poured in on him from all sides to deliver lectures and sermons. He preached the Lenten sermons in the Dominican church of St. Vincent Ferrer, N. Y. and people from all parts of the city and surrounding towns flocked to his church every evening, and on returning to their homes spread stories of the Irish Friar’s wonderful eloquence. From this time it became utterly impossible for Father Burke to resist the demand of the people to hear him. Deputations came hundreds of miles to procure his services. So it came to pass that the great cities of the East and West have heard his voice for Church and Fatherland. In St. Louis an audience of fifteen thousand greeted him; while forty thousand people, the largest audience ever drawn together in America by one man, assembled in the Great Musical “Coliseum” in Boston to hear him discourse on “the future of the Irish race.” The effect of his eloquence, his learning and his devotion, to his church and country, was felt on all classes of citizens, for Americans of every creed joined his own countrymen in these popular ovations to genius and patriotism which they saw reflected in Father Burke.

## HIS REPLY TO FROUDE.

Perhaps the most opportune of all Father Burke's great achievements for his people was his reply to Mr. James Anthony Froude, the English historian, who came over to attack not only the historical record of the Irish nation, but the record and character of the Irish people; thus assailing our position as citizens of this commonwealth. He made his *debut* in New York under the auspices of certain clergymen, bitterly prejudiced against our religion, and having gained a hearing through the press of the Metropolis, he delivered his series of lectures in the chief cities of the Union, avowing his purpose to be the setting against us of the public sentiment of this Republic, and gaining its sympathy for England in her treatment of Ireland. The Irish citizens in every walk of life found themselves arraigned by one who came on his mission with the semi-official endorsement of the members of the English Cabinet, provided with every weapon which long study and research and governmental resources could supply. They fell back on Father Burke, calling on him to step forth for their protection and defence. Overwhelmed with work as he was, laboring to meet a round of engagements hanging over him for months, and extending for months ahead, to his glory be it recorded he promptly answered this call, gave up every engagement, and gallantly took up the glove of the English historian, and defended his country and people in such fashion that the whole press and people of America cried out: "Well done, Father Burke. You have demolished the English case; you have met false history with true history; you have overthrown the Englishman on his own ground, and the case of Ireland stands before us to-day as it never stood before. Your pleadings has irrevocably secured for your country and people the sympathy, respect and honor of America!" Truly a noble victory nobly won. The humble Friar, rising from his spiritual ministrations among his children and compatriots and beating back the pursuer sent on their track, by the very spirit and power that banished them from home, to blast their fame and check their onward career in the far land to which they were driven, and in whose generous bosom they were cherished, presents a spectacle most sublime in its heroic devotion.

Father Burke's series of Lectures in reply to Mr. Froude, were given in the Academy of Music, New York, beginning on November 12th, 1872, and gained for him, as a profound historical scholar and philosopher, and an advocate of superior skill and power, laurels as rich as those he had already won in the pulpit and platform as one of the noblest preachers and lecturers of the age. The verdict for which Mr. Froude had applied to the American public against Ireland was rendered on Father Burke's demand against England. In the words of one of the leading public newspapers, Father Burke in his very first lecture utterly destroyed the cause for which the historian came to plead, and "set the whole current of American opinion against England with tenfold more force than it had previous to the English opening of the controversy." At this writing it can only be stated that Father Burke has astounded both opponents and friends by the tremendous power of his reply, but we predict that it will be only a very short time until this work of his shall be recognized in both hemispheres as the greatest achievement for Ireland in this age, and a feat destined to stand in history beside, if not above, the Religious Emancipation wrought out by O'Connell, and the Legislative Emancipation by Grattan and the Volunteers. For, in the providence of God, it seems destined to create such a sentiment throughout the world as will demand the cessation of the outrages of England's domination over Ireland, and will eventually lead to the entire emancipation of the Irish nation from the English yoke.

## THE VERDICT.

As matter of historic record we here insert the emphatic pronouncements of the great organs of American thought and opinion upon the question submitted to them by the English historian and argued before them by the Irish Friar.



## LIFE AND LABORS OF FATHER BURKE.

The New York *Tribune* after printing both sides renders judgment as follows :

"In several respects the two champions are well matched. Mr. Froude is an admirable representative of the Englishmen who subdued Ireland, depopulated her fairest territories, crushed her national church, and have held the island for 700 years in uneasy subjection. He speaks for those who believe the conquest justified and the English rule a blessing, for those who look upon the Irish as an inferior race, incapable of self-government, and not to be encouraged when they claim the same political privileges as other people. Father Burke, on the contrary, is a typical Irishman of the best class, eloquent, learned, patriotic and devoted to the creed which has influenced so strongly the Irish character and Irish history, and which Mr. Froude so cordially detests. The people of the United States, who are invited to be the judges of this debate will follow both sides with the deepest interest. It may be doubted, however, whether the English people will be grateful to their champion for his rather Quixotic enterprise. He has come here to convince us that our sympathy for Ireland has been misapplied, and the result of his endeavor may perhaps be to arouse a warmer and more general sympathy for that unfortunate country than we ever felt before. We will not say that his lectures have intensified the hatred of Irish-Americans for the English nation; for that feeling was already as strong as it could be; but they have revived controversies upon which prudent Englishmen prefer to be silent, and have resulted in teaching native Americans more about the real grievances of Ireland than they knew before or were likely ever to learn from St. Patrick's Day orations and Fenian manifestoes. Father Burke speaks through the press to all the people of the United States. Wherever the English historian goes, the forcible words of the Irish orator will follow him—nay, the Dominican preacher has already spoiled the disposition of Mr. Froude's audiences in many of the cities which he has still to visit. If there is to be a frank discussion of the differences between Ireland and England, there can hardly be a doubt about the verdict of any impartial community. It is useless to defend the past. The most that a patriotic Englishman can now do is to reform the present."

The New York *World*, in an elaborate consideration of the controversy, discourses thus:

"Persons of a poetical turn of mind may be pardoned if they discover a certain æsthetic and historic fitness in the fact that Ireland, suddenly and sharply arraigned at the bar of public opinion in America, finds ready at hand in her cause a most stalwart and skillful champion in the person of a distinguished Catholic preacher, brought to this country from the capitol itself of the Catholic world, on quite another mission. What will strike most Americans in this particular we suspect with some surprise is the firm texture of the preacher's argument when subjected, in the cool light thrown upon it by the types, to a deliberate comparison with the argument of the historian. The advantage is so overwhelmingly on the side of the defence that one is almost moved to a kind of pity for the assailant. \* \* \* \* \*

"The extraordinary skill, grace and eloquence with which the gifted Irish Dominican, Father Burke, is now setting forth in this city the ethical, as contrasted with what, for convenience sake, we may call Mr. Froude's dynamical view of Anglo-Irish history, are admitted on all hands. It is an intellectual pleasure of a very rare kind which is afforded us by this admirable orator, and of a kind which is growing more and more rare with every passing year. His lectures are rather pleadings than lectures; and when we consider how great are the changes now going on in the methods of our jurisprudence, changes themselves imposed by other and equally remarkable changes in our methods of business and of social life, it is hardly too much to say that Father Burke is perhaps the last adequate representative we are likely in this generation to see of the great forensic orators who charmed, and touched, and shook our fathers at their will \* \* \* Father Burke, has no such special advantage

when he addresses himself to Americans not of the Irish blood in his discussion of the purely moral and political aspects of the Anglo-Irish case. And yet nothing can be more complete than his demonstration of the utter failure and worthlessness of Mr. Froude's main thesis, that Ireland has deserved her misfortunes because England has been able to bring them to pass: and the circumstances of our position at this time make his defence of clear right against mere might not only of particular interest but of notable importance to ourselves. On the whole, we suspect the truth is not only that Mr. Froude has a bad cause, but that he is singularly unfitted to make that bad cause even appear to be a good one. His defects and his qualities alike tell against him in the pacific conflict he has invited with this Irish Dominican. \* \* \*

What Father Burke has most emphatically and convincingly said of the political damage done to England by the feeling of contempt with which Englishmen have for centuries been trained to regard Irishmen, and of the habit of mind which has led England for centuries to deal with Ireland as a country ineradicably hostile, is not only wise in itself and valuable for the light it sheds on Irish history; it has a moral and an application on this side of the Atlantic also. Father Burke's protest against the worship of success and the reverence of force merely because it is force, is tremendously strengthened by the facts which he brings forward to show the hollowness of the very success which his antagonist is disposed to worship and the failure of the force which his antagonist reverences to accomplish even the tyrannical and unprincipled ends to which it was for ages unscrupulously directed. We hardly need the lesson, perhaps, which he is thus teaching us, so far as the question of England's relations with Ireland are concerned. A majority of the American people are probably prepared to accept very readily any demonstration of the mistakes of Great Britain. The colonists of America were long looked down upon by their cousins over the Atlantic almost or quite as contumeliously as the Irish themselves.

"One very decided cause of the popular dislike with which, in spite of all the after-dinner speeches ever made to the contrary, England has always been and to a great extent still is regarded in this country, must be found in the obstinate indisposition of the average British subject to consider the average American citizen as really his equal. The patronizing tone, sometimes supercilious, sometimes affable but always ridiculous at once and intolerable, in which America is to this day too often alluded to by British writers and speakers, really is, in its way and measure A POLITICAL PERIL."

The New York *Herald* says:

"Though Father Burke disclaimed any desire to wake up revengeful feelings by painting too vividly the tyranny and oppression to which the Irish people had been subjected, it is difficult to imagine that any man loving justice and liberty could listen unmoved to the recital of robbery and outrage to which the Irish were subjected at the hands of Mr. Froude's 'civilizers.' Unlike Mr. Froude, the Irish advocate goes into the camp of his enemies to seek weapons of defence. Every quotation upon which he appealed to the American people for a verdict against the policy of England in his native land is drawn from English sources, and some of the most damaging evidence is furnished by State papers of England, which Mr. Froude found it convenient to ignore. As the arraignment of England's treatment of Ireland proceeds the position of Mr. Froude becomes more untenable, and the natural love of Americans for justice makes them sympathize rather with the people who have been the victims of fraud and violence than with their oppressors."

And the New York *Post*, edited by one of the most eminent and honored of American publicists, the Venerable William Cullen Bryant, says of the English advocate and his case:

"This is not the ordinary case of a dispute over a controverted historical fact, or the sufficiency of the authorities relied upon. It is a much more serious matter. Mr.

Froude is accused of citing from certain documents language which cannot be found there, and of referring to other documents which have no existence, of ornamenting his own words with quotation marks and references, and of putting into the mouths of historical personages of the sixteenth century language and sentiments which first saw the light in the nineteenth century."

### THE JUDGMENT—"AND COSTS."

After the third of Father Burke's lectures had been delivered the disastrous consequences of the contest to the English interest became so evident that the organs of that power recoiled in dismay, and the news came that they wished to demur to the jurisdiction of the tribunal chosen by their apologist and agent. Nay, with the frenzy of baffled and affrighted confederates they most ungenerously turned upon their adventurous colleague and berated him for his spirited and bold manœuvre toward the accomplishment of their common purpose. The *New York Tribune*, one of the jurors, thereupon pronounces, on Nov. 21st:

'Mr. Froude's theory of the Irish question is based partly upon philosophical principles, partly upon the story of events in Ireland, which he has constructed from a more or less thorough study of contemporary records; and his adversaries object, not so much that he has distorted the documents in the possession of the Keeper of the Records, as that he has taken everything which tells for one side of the question and rejected or overlooked almost anything which tells for the other. \* \* \* Meanwhile, Mr. Froude's championship has been viewed in England with little of the gratitude which one might have supposed it would inspire. The *Times* has twice taken him to task for his volunteer advocacy, and reminded him and us that nobody authorized him to appeal to the public opinion of this country in a case involving England's treatment of a portion of the British empire. 'Neither England nor Ireland,' says the *Times*, 'can allow America the right thus to pronounce a verdict on our relations to each other.' It reminds him also that the Irish question is not such a simple one after all, the best men in England finding it 'no easy task to form a clear judgment on the tangled skein of right and wrong;' while the writer in the *Daily News* goes further, and blames him for undertaking 'to reverse the judgment almost unanimously formed by the enlightened public opinion of the present day.' It would have been much wiser not to touch the ugly business; but since it has been revived, we have only to repeat the advice we gave before—let the discussion be as 'thorough' as one of *Strafford's campaigns against the Irish!*'"

Evidently the English shall be held to the verdict they invoked; they must abide by the issue they have made. Closely following up Father Burke, on the next day after the delivery of his fourth lecture the same journal says: "Father Burke continues his rejoinder to Mr. Froude's statements with *undiminished vigor*. His lecture last night was compact to sententiousness and was delivered to an enthusiastic and quickly sympathetic audience." Assuredly there was to be no relaxation in the vigor of this pursuit though the foe was in terror and in flight, for this quiet Dominican Friar had said, "I am no believer in bad blood: I regret to invite you over these terrible wastes of desolation and of tears; I would fain not lift the veil from the hideous past, nor renew in your hearts and mine so great a sorrow; but when any one comes to tell the American people that England's treatment of my country has been liberal, generous or just, or to say to them that my race ever suffered the taint of cowardice to stain their record, if I were on my dying bed I would rise and refute him." Truly in the *Tribune's* words it was "an ugly business" for the historian to provoke the dreadful constigation which the Irish scholar and priest was forced to administer to England in the cause of liberty and of truth. So Ireland's answer will be heard and borne out to the bitter end.

After this fourth rejoinder of the Irish Lecturer to the Englishman the *New York*



*World* sums up the case to that point. Under the heading of "Froude's Anglo-Irish Arbitration," it says on Nov. 22d: "England has no luck in her appeals to arbitration. At least this is the interpretation, we presume, which the most candid of Englishmen will be likely to put upon the recent repeated verdicts which have been rendered against their country. The average Briton, of course, will find a less abstruse explanation in the fact that her antagonists have been scoundrels and her judges corrupt. \* \* \* The public opinion of the United States has been appealed to by Mr. Froude to hear the case between England and Ireland, and give judgment thereupon. We have heard all that Mr. Froude has to say in his capacity of advocate for the defence. We have heard not all, but nearly all, of the plea of the prosecution as unexpectedly and most vigorously put forth by an advocate who may well seem to the devout Irish Catholics of America to have been providentially sent to them in anticipation of Mr. Froude's appeal, since he came among them from the capital of Catholic Christendom on quite another mission. Our decision has already in substance been rendered: Judgment of the lower courts re-affirmed, *with costs*. Wise men and prudent will pray only that the costs may not be *heavier than the appellant dreamt of* when he somewhat rashly made his appeal. \* \* \* Mr. Froude would never have brought England up to the bar of American opinion to seek absolution and indorsement in the matter of her historical relations with Ireland, had he not felt that the days of the Henrys and the Cromwells were over now for England. When the English Government is trying to make the ancient methods of England unpopular *lest they return, to plague herself*, an English scholar and patriot like Mr. Froude ought not to be sacrificed by the English press for doing so much and no more. The only fair hold which Mr. Froude gives his home critics, perhaps, is the tremendous blunder he has made in the subject on which he seeks arbitration and in the court before which he seeks it. The history of England in Ireland is *a thoroughly good case to let alone, and a thoroughly bad case to stir*. It does not seem so to Mr. Froude; but that is his misfortune originating pretty clearly in the intellectual traits which have brought upon him from so many quarters the charge of *tampering unfairly with historical documents*. \* \* \* A writer whose abhorrence of a particular woman in history can make him see theatrical affectation even in a calmly heroic death, and charge malignant coquetry dashed with purblind folly upon the cleverest princess of her day in the first anguish of a bereavement which left her a widow at eighteen and robbed her of the first crown of Europe, may easily be capable of believing that the Irish Catholics of 1775 really desired the triumph of George III. over the revolted colonies of America, and that England persisted for centuries in trying to steal the whole land of Ireland purely out of her desire to plant thereon a lofty and ennobling civilization. *The wonder is that he should come with such propositions before such a tribunal as the people of the United States.*\* For this the English newspapers are roundly berating him. Americans will be more tolerant *but not less amazed.*"

After the delivery of the last lecture the several journals of the metropolis gave a general review of the controversy. On November 26th the New York *Herald* said:

The eloquent Dominican, who undertook the defence of Ireland from the charges made by Mr. Froude against her people and their claim to the common right of humanity, brought his argument to a close last night. We have already spoken of the vigor and ability displayed in the defence, and the signal manner in which the position of the English historian was overthrown. The fact is, it did not require one-tenth the ability or learning brought to bear on the question by the Irish priest to refute the pleadings of the English advocate. During the seven hundred years which have passed since the struggle between the Celtic or Irish civilization and the Anglo-Norman was inaugurated the story of the treacheries, the persecutions and the massacres by which England has maintained her hold on the "Sister Isle" is too horrible and too repellant to our sense of justice not to enlist all our sympathies on the side of the oppressed people. There is something sublime in the picture of a people rising superior to fate,



and in spite of defeats, which only stopped short of extermination, accepting again and again the issue of battle, succumbing to force, but never abandoning their cause, which must command respect even from their bitterest foes. Such a people and such a cause would be sure of a favorable verdict with a less eloquent advocate than Father Burke from a freedom and justice loving nation like America.

The New York *Nation*, a critical journal of the highest repute in literary circles, makes comment upon the Froude enterprise as follows :

"The men who will heartily agree with him in believing that the Irish have, on the whole, only received their due, are not as a rule fair exponents of the national temper or of the tendencies of the national mind. Those who listened on Friday night last to his picturesque account of the Elizabethan and Cromwellian attempts to pacify Ireland, must have felt in their bones that—in spite of the cheers which greeted some of his more eloquent and some of his bolder passages, and in particular his dauntless way of dealing with the Drogheda Massacre—his political philosophy was not one which the average American could be got to carry home with him and ponder and embrace. Mr. Froude, it must in justice to him be said, by no means throws all the responsibility of Irish misery on Ireland. He deals out a considerable share of this responsibility to England, but then this mode of apportioning it is one which is completely opposed to most of the fundamental notions of American politics. For instance, his whole treatment of the Irish history is permeated by an idea which, whatever marks it may have left on American practice in dealing with the Indians, has no place now in American political philosophy—we mean what is called in English politics "the imperial idea"—the idea, that is, that a strong, bold, and courageous race has a sort of "natural right" to invade the territory of weak, semi-civilized, and distracted races, and undertake the task of governing them by such methods as seem best, and at such cost of life as may be necessary. This idea is a necessary product of English history; it is not likely to disappear in England as long as she possesses such a school for soldiers and states, men as is furnished by India. Indeed she could not stay in India without some such theory to support her troops, but it is not one which will find a ready acceptance here. American opinion has, within the last twenty years, run into the very opposite extreme and now maintains with some tenacity the right even of barbarous communities to be left alone and allowed to work out their own salvation or damnation in their own way. There is little or no faith left in this country in the value of super-imposed civilization, or of "superior minds," or of higher organization, while there is a deep suspicion of or we might say there is deep hostility towards, all claims to rule based on alleged superiority of race, or creed, or class. We doubt if Mr. Froude could have hit on a more unpalatable mode, or a mode more likely to clash with the prevailing tendencies of American opinion of defending English rule in Ireland than the argument, that, Englishmen being stronger and wiser than Irishmen, Irishmen ought to submit to have themselves governed on English ideas whether they like it or not. He has produced this argument already in England, and it has elicited there a considerable amount of indignant protest. We are forced to say of it here that it is likely to do great mischief, over and above the total defeat of Mr. Froude's object in coming to this country. The Irish in America are more likely to be exasperated by it than the Irish at home, and we feel sure that no native American will ever venture to use it to an Irish audience. There is one other point to which Mr. Froude's attention ought to be called, as likely seriously to diminish the political weight of his exposition of the causes of Irish discontent. The sole justification of a conquest, even of a conquest achieved over barbarians by a civilized people, is that it supplies good government—that is protection for life and property. Unless it does this, no picture, however dark, of the discords and disorder and savagery of the conquered can set the conqueror right at the bar of civilized opinion. Therefore, the shocking and carefully darkened pictures of the social and political degradation of the native Irish in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries

with which Mr. Froude is furnishing us, are available for English vindication only on the supposition that the invasion, even if it destroyed liberty, brought with it law and order. But according to Mr. Froude's eloquent confession, it brought nothing of the kind. Queen Elizabeth made the first serious attempt to subjugate Ireland, but she did it, Mr. Froude tells us, with only a handful of English soldiers—who acted as auxiliaries to Irish clans engaged on the Queen's instigation in mutual massacre. After three years of this sort of thing, the whole southern portion of the island was reduced, to use Mr. Froude's words, "to a smoking wilderness," men, woman and children having been remorselessly slaughtered: but no attempt whatever was then made to establish either courts or police, or any civil rule of any kind. Society was left in a worse condition than before."

The final summing up of the *Evening Post* of New York deserves place here for its incisive frankness as well as for the intelligence which characterizes most of the articles of that journal. It says November 26th:

Father Burke has finished his course of five lectures in reply to Mr. Froude. The discussion will be a memorable one. An Englishman of fine mind and thorough culture comes to tell us in America, by word of mouth, a new story which he sees fit to convey to his own countrymen through the bookseller's shop. An Irish monk, who chances to be in this country on the business of his church, conceives an injustice to have been done his countrymen by the narrative, and in his priestly robes betakes himself to the lecturer's platform. Ill-prepared as he was for the work, he undertook the task, and in the main he has come off with credit. The dramatic character of this mental joust culminated last evening. In the first four lectures Father Burke, in spite of himself, spoke as the monk. Loving Ireland ardently, it was Catholic Ireland that he loved; hating England bitterly, he hated her for the wrongs she had heaped upon his church; defending the Irish from the criticisms of Mr. Froude, it was the Catholic Irishman that he defended. His impassioned words leaped forth with a color and tone bred in a cloister, just as his body appeared in the garb of his order. Last evening, however, Father Burke played a different part. He presented the strange appearance of a Dominican monk standing up and declaring that he believed every people to be able to legislate for themselves. In answer to an Englishman who, if report be true, is not in the best of odor with the theologians, and who had virtually declared that *one nation has a divine right to govern another, if it be stronger*, he, the representative of a churchly absolutism, asserted the inherent and irrefragable right of every nation, irrespective of its relative strength or its temporary weakness, to administer its own affairs, in its own way. This he did with a wit, a sarcasm, a pathos and an energy rarely heard in combination, and with an effect which brought to life once more the triumphs of the old orators. Strong men wept, his bursts of indignation were applauded to the echo, and yet so perfect was the oratorical art that the judicious counsel which followed received similar commendation. Haynes's mental fence was not more skilful and Webster's most potent logic was not more influential. But while these two men stand so far apart on historical questions, they are practically shoulder to shoulder on the only vital point in the whole controversy, and that is the present and future of Ireland. Father Burke disappointed his enemies and surprised his friends by his plain common sense and sagacious method of handling this delicate part of the theme, and we hope that Irishmen everywhere will give heed to his opinions. After speaking of the act of union with England and its results, he said there were two methods proposed for improving the condition of Ireland; one was by means of the sword; the other by the development of the natural resources of the island and the building up of a united and strong people by toleration, industry, frugality, temperance and obedience to law. The first is for Fenianism, with its head-centres and George Francis Traill; the other is the great principle that nations, like men, must work out their own salvation—that it is not the name a nation goes by, but the character of the body of its people.

which gives stability to the state and freedom of the individual. Father Burke was positive in his choice between these two methods, said he: "I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as Ireland." On the contrary, he urged upon the Irish the adoption of the opposite view by every consideration of personal advantage and national honor. He made a special plea for charity of opinion and unity of action among Irishmen in Ireland in this effort to build up a progressive state. Mr. Froude himself did not say a wiser thing than was said by this monk when he declared "that union can be effected by largeness of mind; by generosity and urbanity toward your fellow-citizens; by rising above the miserable bigotry that carries religious differences and religious hatreds into relations of life that don't belong to religion." Mr. Froude will do a wise thing if he stops work on his new lectures in reply and drops the discussion.

There is not one solitary exception, among the great public journals of America, to this complete and overwhelming verdict won by Father Burke for his motherland against the power that sought to defame as well as destroy her. And thus it befalls that, through the favor of God in sending into our midst this humble and unpretending Irish priest in the hour of our need, the very agency invoked in the cause of "the Saxon and guilt," is turned to the account of VIRTUE and of ERIN.

#### HIS CRUSADE AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Father Burke soon after his arrival manifested his emphatic approval of the Total Abstinence Movement that was organizing in the several states against the vice of drunkenness. On being approached by the President of the Diocesan Union of New Jersey, he promptly consented to join Bishop Bayley in the crusade then going on in that state. Bishop Bayley was to speak at the State Convention at Paterson. Father Burke, said "I will not write you a letter, but will go out in person to testify my warm interest in your work, and to say a few words with the eminent American prelate for the Cause of Temperance, which is the cause of religion and of Ireland!" This great address followed by others on different occasions raised the tone of the movement, and gave renewed life and hope to those enlisted in it. The alliance and advocacy of the famous preacher, who was looked on by his countrymen as a messenger from heaven sent to this land, gave a dignity and prestige to the Temperance movement which drew to its standard thousands, who would not have heeded any other call. The lectures, with those of Archbishop Bayley were distributed in pamphlet form by hundreds of thousands throughout the country. Society committees visited the Catholic homes with them; altar boys distributed them to the congregation; priests read and enforced them from the altar, and the full measure of Father Burke's great harvest of souls will perhaps never be known except to the Master who sent him to raise his people up. But in every state of this great country—almost in every town—there are scores of families from whose bosom the serpent of intemperance with its discord, agonies and tears has been banished and the angel of grace, religion and happiness enthroned in its stead by the magical power of these temperance appeals.

These happy Catholic families, with their homes a little "heaven upon earth"—their hearts united in the blessing of God—children growing up in education and virtue to do honor to their grey hairs and to the race of which they are—will join the Catholic citizens of America and the Irish race wherever they dwell on the broad earth in the invocation that the God of Ireland may long spare and preserve for us our Dominican Friar, Father Burke, in the splendor of his intellect and genius and the freshness, buoyancy and vigor of his physical powers to teach us, defend us and lead us on to brighter destinies as a people and a nation.



## McMASTER ON FATHER BURKE

The editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, of New York, in the course of an article on the sixth lecture of Froude—the one given in this book—contrasts the deportment of the disputants, and *en passant*, pays the following magnificent tribute to our Irish Dominican. It comes, not from an Irishman, but from an American gentleman—one of Mr. Froude's "grand jury." The writer says:—

"Father Burke, we have thought, and we think so now, more than ever, has come to this country at an opportune moment; and on a mission that he dreamed not of. God has given him the tongue of the learned, and the voice that wins men in spite of themselves. His intellect has been touched by the live coal that is taken from the Altar, and his soul has become gentle and loving from meditation on the Crucified. God could, as easily, have raised up some other man, for the work, but He has chosen to raise him. He has given him the ear and the attention of vast publics. He has given the true rallying cry to the people of his race and of his blood. He has told them of the grand record of their fathers, and he tries to win all of them to a jealousy of being worthy of those fathers. And he shows them that, to be so, they must still bear the Cross as their fathers did, and obey and practice its holy lessons."

# ANSWER TO FATHER BURKE.

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LECTURE BY MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,

In Association Hall, New York, Dec. 1, 1872.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—If my object in coming to this country was to draw attention to the Irish question, I may, so far, be said to have succeeded. I have succeeded, also, beyond my expectation, in eliciting a counter-statement, containing the opinions of the Irish people on their past history; the most complete, the most symmetrical, the most thorough-going, which has yet been given to the world. The successive points taken by Father Burke have been long familiar to me, some in one book, and some in another. But nowhere have so many of them been combined so artistically, and not until now have they been presented in what may be called an authoritative form. Father Burke regrets that I should have obliged him to re-open wounds which he would have preferred to have left closed. I conceive on the other hand that a wound is never healed so long as there is a misunderstanding. England and Ireland can approach each other only on the bases of truth, and so long as Irish children are fed with the story which Father Burke has so elegantly told, so long they must regard England with eyes of utter detestation, until full atonement be made for past wrongs. If Father Burke's account is true, let England know it, look at it in the face and acknowledge it. If it be an illusion or tissue of illusions, then it is equally desirable that the Irish should know it, and a bridge of solid fact be laid across the gulf that divides us. A subject of this kind can only be successfully treated from the platform if the audience will bear a share of the burden, if they will test by reference what they hear, compare evidence and analyze it. You will learn more from the books to which I shall refer you than you can learn from me in the time which I shall take in addressing you. I shall myself venture to indicate the particulars where Father Burke's narration specially needs examination, and refer you to authorities. That an Irishman's view should be different from an Englishman's view is natural and inevitable; but the difference must be limited by facts which are easily ascertainable. When they are not ascertainable elsewhere, as, for instance, when Father Burke attri-

But words to me which I never uttered, I shall venture to speak with authority. I must lead off with a point of this kind. The Father says I have come to America to ask for the extraordinary verdict that England has been right in the manner in which she treated Ireland for 700 years.

Considering that I have drawn a heavier indictment against England in the course of my lectures than she will probably thank me for, considering that I have described the history of her connection with Ireland from the beginning as a scandal and reproach to her, I must meet this assertion with a simple denial. No one who knows Ireland now can be satisfied with its present condition. There is an agitation for a separate Irish Parliament, which it was supposed that public sentiment in America generally approved. I think, for myself, that there are certain definite measures for Ireland's good which she could obtain more easily from a united Parliament than she could obtain from her own. Father Burke goes on to suggest that England is a decaying Empire, that her power is broken, her arm grown feeble, the days of Macaulay's New Zealander not far off, that England is afraid of the growing strength of its Irish in the United States, the eight millions of them who have come from the old country, and the fourteen millions of Irish descent. It is scarcely becoming for two British subjects to be discussing in this country whether Great Britain is in a state of decadence.

England is afraid, however, and deeply afraid. She is afraid of even being driven to use again those measures of coercion against Ireland which have been the shame of her history. But Father Burke's figures, I confess, startled me. Of the 42,000,000 of American citizens, 22,000,000 were Irish born or sprung from Irish parents. Was this possible? I referred to the census of 1870, and I was still more confounded. The entire number of emigrant foreigners who were then in the United States amounted to 5,556,556. Of these under 2,000,000 were Irish. The entire number of children born of Irish parents was under 2,000,000 also. From these figures it follows, if Father Burke is correct, that in these two last years there must have come from Ireland, no less than 6,000,000 persons, or more than the entire population of the island, and that in the same two years the Irish mothers must have produced not fewer than 12,000,000 infants. I knew that their fertility was remarkable, but I was not prepared for such an astounding illustration of it. Still speculating on my motives, Father Burke inclines, on the whole, to give me credit for patriotism. He thinks I have come to speak for my own country, and he is good enough to praise me for doing so. I am grateful for the compliment, but I cannot except it. I have come not to speak for my country but for his. I believe that the present agitation there is likely to avert indefinitely the progress of improvement; that the best chance for the Irish people is to stand by the English people and demand an alteration of the land laws. I wish to see them turn their energies from the speculative to the practical. But Father Burke considers me

not to speak upon these subjects, and for three reasons: First, because I despise the Irish people. I despise them, do I? Then why have I made Ireland my second home? Why am I here now? Am I finding my undertaking such a pleasant one? I say that, for various reasons, I have a peculiar and exceptional respect for the Irish people, I mean for the worthy part of them, the peasantry, and, to my lights, I am endeavoring to serve them. I say the peasantry; for Irish demagogues and political agitators—well, for them, yes, I confess, I do feel contempt from the very bottom of my soul. I rejoice that Father Burke has disclaimed all connection with them. Of all the curses that have afflicted Ireland, the demagogues have been the greatest. But I am unfit for another reason. I have been convicted by a citizen of Brooklyn of inserting words of my own in letters and documents of State. Ladies and gentlemen, I have not been convicted by the citizen of Brooklyn, but I have given the citizen of Brooklyn an opportunity of correcting me if I am guilty. He has not been pleased to avail himself of it. He calls my proposal I know not why, fallacious. He inquires why I will not reply directly to his own allegations. I answer, first, that I cannot, for I am at one side of the Atlantic and my books and papers are at the other. I answer secondly, that if I reply to him, I must reply to fifty others. I answer thirdly, that I have found by experience that controversies between parties interested in such disputes, lead to no conclusion. At this moment I am supposed to be calumniating the Irish Catholics. Two or three years ago I was in trouble in England on precisely opposite ground. I had discovered a document which I conceived to relieve the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland of the charge of subserviency to Queen Elizabeth, which had long attached to them. I had discovered another from which published extracts exposing an act of extreme cruelty perpetrated in the North of Ireland by one of Elizabeth's officers. But these papers I had reason to know were extremely welcome to the Irish Catholic prelates. They were no less unwelcome to Protestants. I was violently attacked, and I replied. The documents were looked into, up and down, but without producing conviction on either side. I, after the most careful consideration, was unable to withdraw what I had written. The Tory journals continued, and perhaps continue to charge me with misrepresentation, and speak of me as a person whose good faith is not to be depended on.

I determined that from that time I would never place myself in such a position again.

"'Tis dangerous when the baser nature falls  
Between the pass, and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites."

I hope I am not, strictly speaking, the baser nature. But it has been my fortune ever since I began to write on these subjects to feel the pricks of the opposing lances, and I shall continue to feel them as long as I tell the truth. My "History of England" has been composed from perhaps 700,000 documents, nine-tenths of them in different MSS, and in half a



dozen languages. I have been unable to trust printed copies, for the MSS. often tell stories which the printed versions leave concealed. I have been unable to trust copyists; I have read everything myself. I have made my own extracts from papers, which I might never see a second time. I have had to condense pages into single sentences, to translate, to analyze, and have had afterward to depend entirely on my own transcripts. Under such conditions it is impossible for me to answer that no reference has been misplaced, and no inverted comma fallen to the wrong words. I have done my best to be exact, and no writer can undertake more. Once more, Father Burke says I am unfit to speak of Ireland, because I hate the Catholic Church. I show my hatred, it appears, by holding that church answerable for cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and for the massacres of St. Bartholomew's Day in France. Here is what the Father says on the first of these matters: "Alva fought in the Netherlands against an uprising against the authority of the State. If the rebels happened to be Protestants there is no reason to father their blood upon the Catholics." I beg you to attend to this passage. This is the way in which modern Catholic history is composed, and you may see from it what kind of lessons children will be taught in the national schools, if Catholics have the control of the text books. Father Burke himself, perhaps, only repeats what he himself learned. I suppose he never heard of the Edicts of Charles the Fifth. By these Edicts, which were issued at the opening of the Reformation, every man convicted of holding heretical opinions was to lose his head. If he was obstinate, and refused to recant, he was to be burned. Women were to be burned alive. Those who concealed heretics were liable to the same penalties as the heretics themselves. The execution of the Edicts was committed to the Episcopal Inquisition, and under them, in that one reign, the Prince of Orange, who was alive at the time, and the great Grotius, whose name alone is a guarantee against a suspicion of exaggeration, declare that no less than 50,000 persons were put to death in cold blood. I have myself expressed a doubt whether these numbers could have been really so large, but a better judge than I am, a man totally untroubled with the theological profession, the historian Gibbon, considers the largest estimate to be nearest to the truth. I don't ask you to believe me, ladies and gentlemen—read Grotius; read the Prince of Orange's apology; read the pages of your own Mr. Motley. Father Burke, in like manner, declares that the church was blameless for the destruction of the French Protestants. The Te Deums that were sung at Rome, when the news came, he says, were for the safety of the King and not for the massacre of the Huguenots. Indeed! Then why did the Infallible Pope issue a medal, on which was stamped Hugonotorum strages—Slaughter of the Huguenots? Why was the design on the reverse of the medal, an angel with a sword smiting the Hydra of heresy? Does Father Burke know?

I suppose not—that the murders in Paris were but the beginning of a

scene of havoc, which overspread France, and lasted for nearly two months. Eighteen or nineteen thousand persons were killed in Paris on the 24th of August. By the end of September the list was swollen to 70,000. Strangely incautious, infallible Pope, if he was only grateful for the safety of Charles the Ninth. For what must have been the effect of the news of the Pope's approval on the zeal of the orthodox executioners?

Ladies and gentlemen, I do not hate the Catholic religion. Some of the best and holiest men I ever heard or have lived and died in the Catholic faith. But I do hate the spirit which the church displayed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and I hate the spirit which would throw a veil of sophistry over those atrocities in the nineteenth. The history of the illustrious men who fought and bled in that long, desperate battle for liberty of conscience, the very liberty to which the Catholics now appeal is a sacred treasure, left in charge to all succeeding generations. Father Burke is himself for toleration—the freest and the widest. I am heartily glad of it. I wish I could feel that he was speaking for his Church as well as himself. But my mind misgives me when I read the *Syllabus*. In the same number of the *New York Tablet* from which I take this speech I find an article condemning the admission of Jews to the rights of citizens. Now it is very hard to be tolerant on Father Burke's terms. In his reading of history, the Protestants were the chief criminals. The Catholics were innocent victims. If on those terms he is willing to forgive and forget, I, for one, am not. Father Burke knows the connection between confession and absolution. The first is the condition of the second. When the Catholic Church admits frankly her past faults, the world will as frankly forgive them. If she takes refuge in evasion; if she persists in throwing the blame on others who were guilty of nothing except resistance to her tyranny, the innocent blood that she shed remains upon her hands, and all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten them. I will assure them that I am fit to speak on this Irish subject and I will at once pass it. I said that Ireland was in a state of anarchy before the Norman conquest. In other countries, I have said, there were wars, but order was out of them. In Ireland I said no such tendency was visible. Father Burke answers that the Danes had caused them trouble; that the Irish had at last driven the Danes out and were settling down to peace and good government. He alluded to the Wars of the Roses, which he says left England utterly demoralized for half a century. Is he serious? Is he speaking of the England which Erasmus came to visit—which the Courts of Spain and France courted persistently as the arbiter of Europe, as the country which could adopt for its motto "*Cui adheres Proæst*." I hold in my hand the balance of European community. Archbishop Amslem it seems wrote to congratulate a King of Munster on the quiet of the country. I beg any of you to turn over the leaves of the "*Annals of the Four Masters*," the most authoritative record of Irish history. I read in my lectures the entry of the year 1780,

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fourteen years before the Conquest, when, according to the Father, all things were going so well. In that one year three kings were killed, besides an infuriate slaughter of other people. Look for yourselves, see whether that year was exceptionally bad. If there were a few months breathing time in such a state of things, an archbishop might well write to congratulate. Geraldus, the Welshman, who came in soon after to see what Ireland was like, confirms substantially the account of the annals. Father Burke calls him freely a liar, though he quotes him approvingly when he speaks of the Irish virtues. If Geraldus is to be believed when he says the Irish were loyal to their chief, I do not know why he is not to be believed when he says they were fierce, licentious, treacherous, false, and cruel. Geraldus tells some absurd stories.

The Irish books of the age are full of still more absurd stories. In the twelfth century there were extant sixty-six lives of St. Patrick. Mr. Gibbon says of them that they must have contained as many thousand lies. That is a large estimate of those which survived the earliest, which is very beautiful, contains few lies, or perhaps none. The latest, that by Jocelyn of Ferns, which has been adopted by the Bollandists, contains probably more than a thousand lies. It is one of the most ridiculous books I ever looked into. By the way Jocelyn writes; Geraldus is a rationalist. I wish you would read Geraldus's account of Ireland. It is translated: it is short, and carries about it, in my opinion, a stamp of concerted veracity. I go to the Norman Conquest itself, and Pope Adrian's Bull, which Father Burke still declares to be a forgery. I need here hardly say that I attach no consequence to the bull itself. I suppose the popes of Rome have no more right over Ireland than I have over Cuba. The popes, however, at that time represent the general conscience. What a Pope sanctioned was usually what the intelligent part of mankind held to be right. If the Norman forged such a sanction to color their conquest, they committed a crime which ought to be exposed. The naked facts are these: King Henry when he conquered Ireland, produced as his authority a Bull said to have been granted twenty years before by Pope Adrian. It is a matter of history that from the date of the conquest Peter's pence was paid regularly to Rome by Ireland. Ecclesiastical suits were referred to Rome. Continual application was made to Rome for dispensations to marry within the forbidden degrees. There was close and constant communication from that time forward between the Irish people and clergy and the Roman Court. Is it conceivable that in the course of all this communication, the Irish should never have mentioned this forged bull at Rome, or that they did mention it, there should have been no inquiry and exposure. To me such a supposition is utterly inconceivable, but the Bull, says Father Burke, is a forgery on the face of it. The date upon it is 1154. Adrian was elected Pope on the 3d of December, 1154. John, of Salisbury, by whom the Bull was procured, did not arrive in Rome to ask for it until



1155. What clearer proof could there be? Very plausible. But forgers would scarcely have committed a blunder so simple. Father Burke's criticism comes from handling tools he is imperfectly acquainted with. He is evidently ignorant that the English official year began on the 25th of March. A paper dated February, 1154, was in reality written February, 1155. The Pope did not use this style, but Englishmen did, and a confusion of this kind is the most natural thing in the world in the publication of a document by which England was specially affected. But we are only at the beginning of the difficulty in which we are now led by the hypothesis of forgery.

I advise Father Burke to look at a letter from a subsequent Pope to King Henry the Third, published by Dr. Theiner from the Vatican archives. I have not Dr. Theiner's book by me to refer to. I must, therefore, describe the letter from memory, but I have no doubt that I remember it substantially. The Irish had represented at Rome that the Normans had treated them with harshness and cruelty. They had appealed to the Pope. They had been brought under the Norman yoke, they said, by an act of his predecessor, and they begged him to interfere. What does the Pope answer? Does he say that he has looked into the archives and can find no record of any sort out of his predecessor, that it was a mistake or a fraud? He does nothing of the kind. He writes to the King of England, laying the complaints of the Irish before him. He reminds him gently of the tenor of the commission by which Adrian had sanctioned the conquest and begs him to restrain the violence of his Norman subjects. Once more we have a letter from Donald O'Neill, calling himself King of Ulster, to the Pope, speaking of the Normans much as Father Burke speaks of the Englishmen, complaining specially of Pope Adrian for having, as an Englishman, sacrificed Ireland to his countrymen. The idea that the grant was fictitious had never occurred to him. As little was the faintest suspicion entertained at Rome. The Pope and the victims who had been sacrificed were equally the dupes of Norman cunning and audacity. Wonderful Normans! Wonderful infallible Popes! I must hurry on. I have no occasion to defend the Norman rule in Ireland. It was an attempt to plant the feudal system on a soil which did not agree with it, and the feudal system failed as completely as did all other institutions which have been attempted to naturalize there. There is, however, one stereotyped illustration of Norman tyranny, on which patriot orators are never weary of dilating, that I must for a moment pause to notice; of course Father Burke could not miss it. So atrocious were the Norman laws he tells us, that the Irish were denied the privileges of human beings. It was declared not to be felony to kill them. So stands the law; not to be denied or got over; yet there is something more to be said on that subject. I am not surprised that it did not occur to Father Burke that after all it was not the inhuman barbarism which it appears to be at the first blush.

**As the Normans found they could not conquer the entire island, the counties**

around Dublin, the seaports and municipal towns, with the adjoining district, came to be known as the English Pale; within the Pale they established the English common laws; outside the Pale in the chief territories there remained the Breton or Irish law. Now, felony was a word of English law entirely. Under English law homicide was felony and was punished by death. Under the Breton law homicide was not felony; it was an injury for which compensation was to be made by the family of the slayer. Every Irishman living inside the Pale was as much protected by the law as any one else. To kill him was as much felony as to kill an Englishman. But English law could not protect those who refused to live under it. Questions often rose what was to be done when a life was lost in a border scuffle or a quarrel, and the Norman Parliament declined to attach more importance to the life of an outside Irishman than his own attached to it. Father Burke quotes a case triumphantly of an Englishman who had killed an Irishman, pleading the statute, but offering in court to make compensation according to Breton custom, and being in consequence acquitted. This exactly illustrates what I have been saying. I admit, however, and I insisted in my own lectures, that the Norman failures had been complete, that the result of the contest was to leave the country after three hundred years' experience worse than before. I pass to the modern period. Father Burke opens with an eloquent denunciation of Henry VIII., and as I have a great deal to say on points of more consequence, I leave Henry to his mercies. I will only pause out of curiosity to ask for more information about three Carthusian Abbots, whom a jury refused to find guilty under the Supremacy act, till Henry threatened, if they did not comply to prosecute them for treason. I thought I knew the history of all the treason trials of that reign. I know of several abbots being tried and executed. I remember the story of the priors and members of the Charter-house, and astonishingly beautiful it is. But I cannot fit on Father Burke's story to any of them. If, as I suppose, he means the priors and monks of the Charter-house, the records of the trial prove conclusively that the story about the jury cannot be true. As to Ireland at this period, I cannot make out Father Burke's position. He possesses odd little pieces of real knowledge set in a framework—since I cannot accuse him of misrepresentation—set in a framework of such singular acquaintance with the general complexion of the times that I have speculated much how he came by this knowledge. He quotes from the State papers. Let me tell you generally what these State papers are. When there were no newspapers, ministers depended for their information upon their correspondents, and you find in these collections letters and reports of all kinds from all sorts of people, conveying the same kind of information which you would gather out of a newspaper to-day—with the same conflict of opinions. Those relating to Ireland during the reign of Henry VII. have been printed, and filled two large thick quarto volumes of 800 or 900 pages each.

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There are also four volumes of calendars or abstracts of the later reign of Elizabeth known by the name of the Carew collection of MSS., with long and most interesting extracts. I fancy if you will read these volumes, and will read at the same time the "Review of the State of Ireland" by the poet Spencer, Baron Finglas's "Breviate of Ireland," and Sir Henry Sidney's "Correspondence," you will not require either me or Father Burke to tell you what was the real condition of the country we are both talking about. Meanwhile, I must say a word or two. Father Burke talks with great vehemence about spoliation of lands and the expulsion of Irishmen from the homes of their fathers. There is a document, the opening document of the "King Henry Series"—which he does not seem to have studied, but which I wish he would study, for it gives a complete key to the real difficulties of Ireland and to all the policy of the succeeding reigns. This document is dated 1515, and is called a "Report on the State of Ireland, with a Plan for its Reformation." Father Burke admits that there was disorder at this time, but he says it was caused by the Normans. Now, this report explains that the real cause was that the real Normans had ceased to become Normans, and had become Irish. They spoke Irish, dressed like Irish, adopted Irish habits, and laws and customs. Father Burke cannot be ignorant that to the Geraldines in Munster and Leinster, to the Butlers in Kilkenny, to his own ancestors, the De Burghs or Burkes in the west, the Irish clans looked upon with a feeling of loyal allegiance. As far as there was any order at all in the country, it was in the homage paid by the native race—paid to these four families. They, and the smaller Norman barons who held under them, are spoken of in the State papers as English in contrast to Ireland. They were as much English as you Americans are English, or any Grattan and Wolf Tone were English; yet Father Burke thinks that he made a point when he quotes a passage saying that some of these people were more troublesome than the Irish. Of course they were. Did he ever hear the old phrase, "*Ipsis Hibernis, Hibernioria*"—more Irish than the Irish themselves."

I want you to understand the social state of the country as this report describes it. There were at this time sixty great Irish chiefs, and thirty great Norman chiefs, each ruling by his own sword, and all living in the same manner. They kept 60,000 men under arms to do nothing but to fight. The chiefs of this army of vagabonds were maintained by an Irish custom called Coque slavery. Father Burke boasts that there was no slavery in Ireland; there was worse than that, for the wretched peasantry were obliged to supply this army with food, lodging, and clothing. Now, it was this fighting contingent that was the cause of all the trouble, for while they were allowed to plunder the people, industry was impossible; peace was equally impossible, while there were so many men kept for war. The policy of the British Government during the sixteenth century was to break down this system and to protect the peasant who cultivated

the soil, and by stopping their enforced supplies, compel this fighting banditti to take to some other employment. Here lies the explanation of Father Burke's mistake. When he talks of confiscation, it was confiscation simply of the rights of robbers to plunder the poor. All sorts of plans were tried; sometimes an English army was sent to conquer them, and sometimes the peasantry were armed to protect themselves. Sometimes to plant English and Scotch colonies. Sometimes to send the entire race over the Shannon to Connaught, where in closer quarters they would be unable to find the means of supporting the fighting battalions. Look at the report and see if this was not the condition of the country, and how it was reduced. Father Burke says nothing about this, yet any one, if he will look into the State papers, and refer to the head "Coyne and Leoing" will see these facts.

The Reformation of course complicated matters worse, but the social problem was then the cause, as it is now. When I spoke of King Henry's appointment of the Earl of Kildare to the vice royalty as an experiment of Home Rule, Father Burke asks me why Henry did not call a Parliament of the Irish chiefs. This, I admit, would have been a worse form of Home Rule. The present grievances would have had even less chance of a hearing then, than they would have from a separate Irish Parliament if it were called to-day. Now, Father Burke says that the Earl of Kildare was an Englishman. He was as much an Englishman as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his descendant, and Dr. McNevin; that is to say, he was the most Irish nobleman. Father Burke says the insurrection was an English insurrection. It was English in the sense that the association of the United Irishmen were English, neither less nor more. I suppose that his words were no more than a rhetorical flourish to gain an immediate point. If not, and if he really indicates the present views of the Celtic race in their history and misfortunes, it is a new and significant feature in the progress of the question. Till this time, the Geraldines have been the idols of the national tradition. O'Connell used to say that the Duke of Leinster, Kildare's representative, was the natural King of Ireland. Lord Thomas has been one of the most popular Irish heroes. If all this is to be thrown aside, I will only say that it is a bad return for the blood which the Geraldines and the Barons of the Pale lost in the cause of Ireland and the Catholic Church. For the honor of Irish patriotism, I trust that Father Burke is not in this case a representative of the feelings of his people.

Father Burke says this rebellion desolated the whole of Munster, and a great part of Leinster. Now, it hardly touched Munster at all, and it affected severely only the half of Leinster. The chief sufferers were those who were loyal to the English rule. But Father Burke does not distinguish between the rebellion of the Kildares, under



Henry VIII, and the rebellion of the Desmonds, under Elizabeth, and he lumps them both together.

I said in my lectures that the private lives of some of the Catholic bishops before the Reformation were not perfectly regular. Father Burke says I made a wild and unsupported assertion. I was thinking of Archbishop Bodkin, of Turin. Another instance may be found in Dr. Theiner, whose writings I wish he would read. It comes from Rome—the fountain of infallibility. Father Burke does not deny that the greatest Irish chiefs accepted peerages from King Henry VIII, took the oath of supremacy to him, and called him “King of Ireland.” It is true the Catholic people of Ireland did rise against their chiefs and deposed them. Con O'Neill, the descendant of the Irish Kings, was made by Henry, Earl of Tyrone. This O'Neill, Father Burke says, was taken by his son and clapped into jail, where he died. A very pious son, and moved entirely, no doubt, by his zeal for the holy church. This son was the celebrated Shane, a bastard son of Con, but a “broth of a boy,” and the darling of the tribe. Shane respected his father, for in one of his letters he says his father acted like a gentleman and never denied any of his children. But in order to get the inheritance, Shane shut his father up till he died. The legitimate brother was made way with and Shane became an O'Neill, but not, I think, as Father Burke says, on account of zeal for the holy church.

Father Burke says that the first law which the Catholic Irish Parliament passed, was an act enacting that no man should be prosecuted on account of his religion. And he asked: “Was not this magnanimous?” But he omits to say that it was accompanied by two other acts which deprived almost every Protestant in Ireland of every acre of land he possessed. The Irish Parliament threw out a bait to the Presbyterian farmers and artisans who had been persecuted by the bishops of the establishment, but as they held no land the confiscation acts did not touch them, but they closed the gates of Derry in Tyrconnell's teeth.

Father Burke thinks he answers me when he points to the Act of Uniformity passed in Ireland in the second year of Elizabeth's reign. I regret the act, but the whole country was in a state of anarchy, and it was not executed. Elizabeth was determined that the act should not be enforced. I know this, for I have studied her correspondence with her viceroys, one of them, Lord Grey, being a strong Puritan, pressed to be allowed to make what he called a Mohammedan conquest—to offer the people the Reformation or the sword. Her answer was that she forbade him to do it—forbade him to meddle with any one for his religion, who was not in rebellion against the crown. Elizabeth meant well to Ireland.

Father Burke says that James I. promised that the Irish should

be left in possession of their land, that he kept his promise for four years, and then broke it. The Earls of Tyrconnell and Tyrone fled from Ireland to escape imprisonment; James then took the whole province of Ulster from the original proprietors, and handed it over to settlers from England and Scotland. Promises, I suppose, are conditional on good behavior. Many an oath had Tyrone sworn to be a loyal subject, and many an oath had he broken. Was he to be allowed to conspire for ever and remain unpunished? He fled to avoid imprisonment for planning another rebellion. The English took the whole province of Ulster from the Irish, says Father Burke, and there stops. He should have gone on to say, but he does not say it, that of the two million of acres of which the six confiscated counties consisted, a million and a half were given back to the Irish, and half a million only of the acres most fit for cultivation, but which the Irish left uncultivated, were retained for the colonists. It has been half a million acres for the last two centuries. The acres multiply like Falstaff's men in buckram, as the myth develops. "They brought over Scotch and English Protestants," says Father Burke, "and made them swear that they would not employ a single Irishman or Catholic." Has not Father Burke omitted one small but important expression? Was it true that they were not to employ one single Irishman, or any Irishman that refused to take the oath of allegiance? I know that the oath of allegiance was the general condition. Let me remind Father Burke of an act of Parliament passed at this very time, by the very men whom he accuses of this bitter enmity to the Irish. It repeals, forever, every law which had made a distinction between the English and Irish inhabitants of the country. It declares them all free citizens of a common Empire, enjoying equal laws and protection. It expresses a hope that thenceforward they would grow into one nation in perfect agreement with utter oblivion of its former differences.

As a matter of fact, it can be proved that from the date of this settlement the English and Irish did live together on these half-million acres, and cultivated their land together. Their houses and fields lay side by side, they helped each other, employed each other, and grew into useful, social, and kindly relations with one another. It was this close intimacy, this seeming friendship, this adoption by so many of the Irish of the laws and customs of the settlers, which constituted the most painful features in the rebellion of 1641. This is the gravest matter with which I have had to deal. It is the hinge on which later history revolves. If Father Burke's version of it is true, then the English robbed the Irish of their lands, tried to rob them of their religion, massacred them when they resisted, slandered them as guilty of a crime which was in reality our own, and took away from them, as a punishment, all the lands and liberties which they retained. If it is true, the

English owe them reparation. If it is not true, then this cause of heart-burning ought to be taken away. I cannot regret, with Father Burke, that the wound has been re-opened; rather let it be probed to the bottom. Let the last drop of secreted falsehood be detected and purged out of history. Father Burke has studied my lectures imaginatively, and has unintentionally misunderstood me. He charges me with defending the Irish administration of the Earl of Strafford, as having come to America to ask a free people to indorse Strafford's despotism. Unless words be taken to conceal thoughts, I said that Strafford's policy in Ireland was tyrannous, cruel, and dangerous. He speaks as if the Puritan party in England and Scotland were bent on destroying the Catholics in Ireland. The commission which went from the Irish Parliament to London to complain of Strafford was composed jointly of Protestants and Catholics. The arraignment of Strafford was conducted by the great Puritan statesman, Pym, and I pointed out in my lectures that his administration in Ireland formed one of the most serious counts on which he was condemned. Does this look as if the complaints of Ireland could receive no attention from the Long Parliament? Does this bear out Father Burke in charging me with defending Strafford and calling his conduct just? Again Father Burke accuses me of having said that the rebellion began with massacre, as if it were a preconceived intention. In the summary of the events of the ten years I said generally that it commenced with massacre; and so it did, when the period is reviewed as a whole. But in my account of what actually passed I said expressly that so far as I could make out from the contradictory evidence, I thought that the Irish had not intended that there should be bloodshed at all.

Lastly, he accuses me of having called the Irish cowards, and he desires me to take it back. I cannot take back what I never gave. Father Burke says that such words cause bad blood, and I may one day have cause to remember them. That they cause bad blood I have reason to know already; but the words are not mine, but his, and he and not I must recall them. Not once, but again and again I have spoken of the notorious and splendid courage of Irishmen. What I said was this, and I will say it over again: I was asking how it was that a race whose courage was above suspicion made so poor a hand of rebellion, and I answered my question thus, that the Irish would fight only for a cause in which they readily believed, and that they were too shrewd to be duped by illusions with which they allowed themselves to play. I will add that if five hundred of the present Irish police, Celts and Catholics, all or most of them enlisted in the cause of order and good government, would walk up to and walk through the large mob which the so-called patriots could collect from the four provinces of Ireland; if it be to call men cowards when I say that under the severest trials the Irish



display the noblest qualities which do honor to humanity when they are on the right side, then, and only then, have I questioned the courage of Irishmen.

So much for myself; now for the facts of the rebellion. We are agreed that on the 23d of October, 1641, there was a universal rising of the Irish race and an attempt to expel the Protestant colonists from the country. Father Burke says the Puritan Lord Justices in Dublin knew the rising was imminent, and deliberately allowed it to break out. I must meet him at once with a distinct denial of this. The secret correspondence of the Lord Justices, before and after the outbreak, has been happily preserved, and anything more unlike the state of their minds than the idea which Father Burke assigns to them cannot be imagined. They had no troops they could rely upon. The country was patrolled by fragments of the Catholic army, which had been raised by Strafford, and afterward disbanded, and the Lords Justices were in the utmost terror of them. Situated as they were, they would have been simply mad had they seen what was to happen, and purposefully permitted it. The Irish, Father Burke says, had good reason to rise. Who denies it? Certainly not I. Father Burke says the first blood was shed by the Protestants. I should not be surprised if it was so. Men assailed by mobs, who turned them naked out of their houses, are apt at times to resist. But this is not what Father Burke means. The origin of all the after horrors, he says, was an atrocity committed by the Protestant garrison at Carrickfergus, who, before any lives had been taken by the Catholics, sallied out and destroyed three thousand Catholic Irish, who had crowded together in a place called Island Maghee. This story has been examined into, and bears examination as ill as other parts of the popular version of the massacre, but apparently to no purpose. Father Burke, following the usual Irish tradition, insists on a commission issued in December, by the Dublin Council, to inquire into the losses of the Scotch and English settlers by plunder. Because it says nothing of massacres, he infers that it denies that there had been any massacre. Unfortunately for this theory, there is a letter, dated the 1st of December, from the same council to the Long Parliament, declaring that at the time when they were writing, there were forty thousand rebels in the field, who were putting to the sword men, women and children that were Protestants, ill using the women and dashing out the brains of the children before their parents' faces. I avoided before and shall avoid now all details of this dreadful subject. If a tenth part of the sworn evidence be true, the Irish acted more like fiends than human beings. Do you suppose, ladies and gentleman, that the friends and countrymen of these poor women would have been in a very amiable humor with such scenes before them? Do you suppose that, when they knew that other English

families within reach of the city were exposed to the same treatment, they ought to have sat still and allowed the Irish to repeat in Leinster the atrocities they had perpetrated in the North. Coote collected a body of horse out of the fugitive men who had crowded into Dublin. The Irish were beginning the same work in an adjoining county. Coote rode into the Wicklow Hills, and gave them a lesson that two parties could play at murder. I do not excuse him. But the question of questions is, Who began all these horrors? And what was the true extent of them? Father Burke thinks everything short of murder which the Irish did to have been perfectly justifiable. He says a Protestant has proved that the Catholics killed only 2,100 people, and therefore it must be so. Again, a compliment to a Protestant; but it is a matter on which I will not accept the mere opinion of any one man, even if he do call himself Protestant. I am sorry to say I have known many Protestants entirely unable to distinguish truth from falsehood. Sir William Petty, a very able, hot-headed, skeptical sort of a man, examined all the evidence over himself, within ten years of the events, went to the scene of the massacre, and concluded, after careful consideration, that the number of Protestants killed in the first six months of the rebellion amounted to 38,000. Clarendon and Coote give nearly the same numbers. You who would form an independent opinion on the matter I advise to read—whatever else you read—Sir John Temple's history of the rebellion, and Borlace's history of it. Temple was, as I said, an eye-witness. I shall still be met with the "thundering English lie" argument, and so far you have but my assertion against Father Burke's. In my opinion he treats the Irish massacre precisely as he treats the Alva massacre, and the Saint Bartholomew massacre. The wolf lays the blame on the lamb. But that you may fairly say, is only my view of the question; very well, I have a proposal to make, which I hope you will endorse, and if we work together, and if Father Burke will help, we may arrive at the truth yet. Ireland and England will never understand each other till this story is cleared up. Now, I am fond of referring disputed questions to indifferent tribunals. An enormous body of evidence lies still half examined in Dublin. I should like a competent commission to be appointed to look over the whole matter, and report a conclusion. It should consist of men whose business is to deal with evidence—that is, of lawyers. I would have no clergy, Catholic or Protestant. Clergymen are generally blind of one eye. I would not have men of letters or historians like myself and Father Burke. We partake of the clergymen's infirmities of disposition. By-the-by, I must beg Father Burke's pardon. He is the "rale thing," as we say in Ireland; but if he has put himself in bad company he must take the consequences. I said I would have a commission of experienced lawyers, men of weight and responsible to public

opinion. Four Irish Judges, for instance, might be appointed, two Catholic and two Protestant; and to give the Catholics all advantage, let Lord O'Hagan, the Catholic Irish Chancellor, be Chairman. Let these five go through all the surviving memories of the rebellion of 1641, and tell us what it really was. We shall then have sound ground under us, and we shall know what are, and what are not, the thundering lies of which indisputably on one side or the other are now afloat. I can conceive of nothing which would better promote a reconciliation of England and Ireland than the report which such a commission would send in. If the heads of the Catholic Church in Ireland should combine to ask for it, I conceive that it would not be refused. For myself, I have touched but one point in twenty, relating to this business, where my evidence contradicts Father Burke's. But I will pursue it no further. A few words will exhaust what I have got to say about Cromwell. About him I cannot hope to bring Father Burke to any approach to an agreement with me. There are a few matters of fact, however, which admit of being established. Father Burke says that Cromwell meant to exterminate the Irish. I distinguish again between the industrious Irish and the idle, fighting Irish. He showed his intentions toward the peasantry a few days after his landing, for he hung two of his troopers for stealing a hen from an old woman. Cromwell, says the Father, wound up the war by taking 80,000 men and shipping them to sugar plantations in Barbadoes. In six years, such was the cruelty that not twenty of them were left—80,000 men, Father Burke, and in six years not twenty left! I have read the Thurlow papers, where the account will be found of these shipments to Barbadoes. I can find nothing about 80,000 men there. When were they sent out, and how, and in what ships? You got those numbers where you got the 8,000,000 native Irish in America. Your figures expand and contract, like the tent in the fairy tale, which would either shrink into a walnut shell or cover ten thousand men, as the owners of it liked. Father Burke says that all the Irish Catholic land-owners were sent to Connaught, Lord Clarendon says that no one was sent to Connaught who had not forfeited his life by rebellion, and that to send them there was the only way to save them from being killed, for they would not live in peace. If an Englishman strayed a mile from his door he was murdered, and there was such exasperation with these fighting Irish that if they had been left at home the soldiers would have destroyed them all. "Ireland was made a wilderness," says Father Burke, and that is true, but who made it so? The nine years of civil war made it so, and it could not revive in a day or in a year. If three or four thousand Irish boys and girls were sent as apprentices to the plantations, it was a kindness to send them there in the condition to which Ireland had been reduced; but when I said that fifteen years



of industry had brought the country to a higher state of prosperity than it had ever obtained before, I am not answered when I am told that it was miserable after the settlers had been at work only for four years. I will refer Father Burke, and I will refer you to the "Life of Clarendon," if you wish to see what the Cromwellian settlement made of Ireland. Clarendon hated Cromwell, and would allow nothing in his favor that he could help. Read it, then, and see which is right—Father Burke or I. Never before had Ireland paid the the expenses of its own government. It was now able to settle a permanent revenue on Charles the Second. In 1665, when many estates were restored to Catholic owners, the difficulty was in apportioning the increased value which Puritan industry had given to those estates. It is true that the priests were ordered by Cromwell to leave the country. Father Burke says that a price was set on the heads of those that remained. In a sense, that too is true : but in what sense ? A thousand went away to Spain. Of those that remained, and refused to go ; of those that passively stayed, and did not conceal themselves, and allowed the government to know where they were, some were arrested and sent to Barbadoes, some were sent to the Irish islands on the west coast, and a sum of money was allowed them for maintenance. Harsh measures ; but Father Burke should be exact in his account. Those who went into the mountains, and lived with the outlaws, shared the outlaws' fate. They were making themselves the companions of what Englishmen called banditti, what the Irish called patriots. I don't think any way they were a good kind of patriots. It is true that a price was set on the heads of those who absolutely refused to submit. It was found too fatally successful a mode of ending with them. Father Burke quotes a passage from Major Morgan. I will quote another : "Irishmen," he says, "bring in their comrades' heads, brothers and cousins cut each other's throats." Mr. Prendergrast, a man of most generous disposition and passionately Irish in his sentiments, makes a comment on these words of Major Morgan, which tempts me to abandon in despair the hope of understanding the Irish character. "No wonder they betrayed each other," he says, "because they had no longer any public cause to maintain." In speaking of the American Revolution, I said that a more active sympathy was felt at the time for the American cause by the Protestants of the North of Ireland than by the Catholics, and that more active service was done in America by the Anglo-Scotch Irish, who emigrated thither in the eighteenth century, than by the representatives of the old race. Do not think that I grudge any Irishman of any persuasion the honor of having struck a blow at their common oppressors when the opportunity offered. I was mentioning, however, what was matter of fact, and I wish to remind Americans that there is a Protestant Ireland as well as a Catholic, with which they at one time

and intimate relations. There is distinct proof that during a great part of the last century there was a continual Protestant emigration from Ireland to this country. Archbishop Boulter speaks earnestly about it in his letters, and states positively that it was an emigration of Protestants only—that it did not effect the Catholics. So grave a matter it was that it formed the subject of long and serious debates in the Irish Parliament. The Catholic emigration, meanwhile, was to France. A few Catholic peasants may have come to America after the White-boys' rising in 1760, but I have seen no notice of it. Likely enough Catholic soldiers deserted from the regiments sent out from Ireland. Likely enough gallant Catholic Irish gentlemen from the French and Spanish armies may have gone over and taken service with you. I admire them the more if they did.

Allowing all this, out of every ten Irishmen in America at the time of the Revolution there must have been nine Protestants. While as to the Catholics in Ireland (I would say no more on this subject if Father Burke had not called on me for an explanation) I can only say that while the correspondence of the Viceroy expresses the deepest anxiety at the attitude of the Presbyterians; no hint is dropped of any fear from the rest of the population. Father Burke questions my knowledge of the facts, and quotes from MacNevin that there were 16,000 Irish in the American ranks. I should have thought there had been more—but Father Burke in claiming them for the Catholics is playing with the name of Irishman. I quoted an address to George III., signed in the name of the whole body by the leading Irish Catholics. Father Burke says that, though fulsome in its tone, it contained no words about America. As he meets me with a contradiction, I can but insist that I copied the words which I read to you from the original in the State-paper office, and I will read one or two sentences of it again. The address declares that the Catholics of Ireland abhorred the unnatural rebellion against his Majesty which had broken out among his American subjects; that they laid at his feet two million loyal, faithful and affectionate hearts and hands, ready to exert themselves against his Majesty's enemies in any part of the world; that their loyalty had been always as the dial to the sun, true, though not shone upon. Father Burke is hasty in telling me that I am speaking of a matter of which I am ignorant, but I will pursue it no further, nor, but for its challenge, would I have returned to it. Both he and I are now in the rather ridiculous position of contending which of our respective friends were most disloyal to our own government. Here I must leave him. I leave untouched a large number of blots which I had marked for criticism, but if I have not done enough to him already, I shall waste my words with trying to do more, and for the future, as long as I remain in America, neither he, if he returns the charge, nor any other assai!

ant, must look for further answers from me. His own knowledge of his subject is wide and varied ; but I can compare his workmanship to nothing so well as to one of the lives of his own Irish saints, in which legend and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspect of things and character can no longer be discerned. I believe that I have shown that this is the true state of the case, though from the state of Father Burke's mind upon the subject, he may be unaware precisely of what has happened to him. Anyhow, I hope that we may part in good humor ; we may differ about the past, about the present, but for practical objects I believe we agree. He loves the Irish peasant, and so do I. I have been accused of having nothing practical to propose for Ireland. I have something extremely practical ; I want to see the peasants taken from under the power of their landlords, and made answerable to no authority but the law. It would not be difficult to define for what offense a tenant might be legally deprived of his holding. He ought not to be dependent on the caprice of any individual man. If Father Burke and his friends will help in that way, instead of agitating for a separation from England, I would sooner find myself working with him than against him. If he will forget my supposed hatred to his religion, and will accept the hand which I hold out to him now, that our fight is over, it is a hatred I can assure him, which, like some other things, has no existence except in his own imagination.

# MR. FROUDE'S LAST WORDS.

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## LECTURE BY THE VERY REV. FATHER BURKE

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In the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Dec. 17, 1872.

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### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I need not tell you that this world in which we live is a very changeable world. We have seen so many changes, ourselves, in our own day, that we have learned to be astonished at nothing. We have seen but a few years—only four years ago—France reputed the bravest and most powerful nation in Europe ; to-day France is down in the dust, and there is not one that is poor enough to do glorious France honor. So, in like manner, a few years ago, when Lord Palmerston was at the head of the English ministry, England was considered one of the most influential and one of the most powerful nations in Europe; and to-day we see how things are changed. In our own time we remember, whenever England had any argument to state, any theory of a national kind to propound, any cause to defend, she sent her fleets and her armies. Even as late as 1858 she had an argument with the Emperor of Russia, and she sent her fleets and armies to discuss the question at the point of the sword. Later still, a few months I may say ago, she had an argument with the Emperor, as he was called, of Abyssinia, and she sent her army there to try conclusions, and to reason with him; to-day, my friend, she has an argument with Ireland, and instead of debating with Ireland, by sending some Cromwell over there at the head of an army to argue with the Irish, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, she sends over, to America, a talking man to talk it over! She reminds me in this of a man who was once in Galway who had a quarrel with a friend of his, and he went and tried to settle the quarrel fairly, like a man, and he got a good thrashing; and when he got up after being knocked down several times he said, "I see I am not able for you, but I'll tell you what I will do; my wife has the devil's own tongue, and I will set her at you" England has tried issues with my native land for many a long century ;



for seven hundred years on the national question ; for three hundred years on the still more important religious question. On the religious question England is fairly beaten ; and on the national question, although we have not yet triumphed, she has never been able to knock the nationality out of Ireland. So what does she do, my friends ? The days are past and gone when she could send her Cromwell or her William of Orange to Ireland, and to-day she has nothing better to fall back upon than to send an Englishman over to America to abuse us ; to try and make out that we are the most ungovernable and the most God-abandoned race on the face of the earth. So he comes and delivers his message. When first he came he told the people of America, if you remember, that he intended, as far as he could, to justify England's treatment of Ireland ; that this was his intention is clearly manifested by the simple fact that he has gone into the history of the whole relations between England and Ireland. He has gone through them all. He began with the Norman invasion and he came down to the present year for the sole and avowed purpose of whitewashing England as far as he could, and making out that she was not as bad as people were inclined to believe her. And when he was met on this great issue, my friends, Mr Froude turns around and says, " You are slightly mistaken : I don't want a verdict from the American people to justify England ; to put America in the confessional, and make England kneel down and get a plenary absolution for all that she did to Ireland. That is not my intention at all. My intention is, and the verdict I seek is simply this : There is a movement going on in Ireland now called the ' Home Rule ' agitation. Irishmen," he says, " are beginning at home to say that they have the right to make their own laws, and to be governed by them. They say it is not right, nor fair, nor just that the things that could be so well done at home should be so badly done in London by men who know very little about Ireland, and who care less. Now," he says, " I come to America simply to obtain the verdict of an American public opinion to this effect : That the Irish don't know how to govern themselves ; that whatever virtues or talents they may have, they have not the talent nor the virtue of self-government ; they are not wise enough, they are not prudent enough ; they are not temperate enough, they are not sufficiently civilized nor sufficiently tolerant to govern themselves, and I will prove it from their history, and I ask the American people to send over word to the Irish, ' Now, boys, have sense ; you don't know what is for your own good. You never did, and Mr. Froude has brought it home to us. You may have a great many virtues, and he acknowledges that you have some, but you have no sense at all. The English people have twice as much sense—and always had—as you have. They know how to govern you beautifully—sweetly. Leave yourselves entirely in their hands and they will make the finest laws

for your own special benefit. They love you like the apple of their eye. They are anxious to see Ireland prosperous, wealthy, rich and powerful, they are very anxious to give you all they have themselves, and a great deal more, Mr. Froude says. All you have to do now is to keep yourselves quiet, leave the parliament where it is, in London. Let the English members and the Scotch members, who have a sweeping majority, make laws for you, and there will be salutary and beautiful laws for Ireland. You don't know anything about your own interests, nor about the principles of government. You don't understand your own country." And he expects America, like an old woman, to send over their advice to Ireland.

It is not with Mr. Froude's facts in detail so much that I have to deal, as with the spirit of the man. In reply to my lectures he distinctly states that he does not seek justification for England's past conduct, but that he is here in America to rouse American public opinion against the principle, so dear to Irishmen, that they have and that God has given them the intelligence and capability to make their own laws and to be governed by them. He has traced England's dealings with Ireland, and he has traced them no doubt in a masterly manner. But my friends, throughout the leading idea of this historian, clearly manifested and avowed by him, is to bring home to every thinking man in this land the conviction that we Irish did not know how to govern ourselves. He says: "they have had the country in their own hands for centuries, and how did they govern it? The chieftains were harassing the very life out of the people. Ireland was divided into little factions, and indeed, he went on to say in a manner that does not reflect credit upon the man, "every family in the land had its own independence and governed itself. Ireland was divided into small factions, each faction had its own chieftain, every chief was engaged from Monday morning till Saturday night, including Sunday, in cutting somebody else's throat and getting his people into trouble and mischief." According to Mr. Froude it was a miracle from God that there were a hundred people left in Ireland at the time when there were three, four or five millions. What would you say my friends, if I went back to Ireland, or England, after my year's residence in New York, and said in a public lecture, "Do you know what life is in New York or Brooklyn? Every family is independent, and every father of a family with his sons are engaged every day in cutting their neighbors' throats, and I will give you proof of it—their own newspapers. They tell us that at this moment there are eighteen or twenty men in jail in New York for murder; how in the saloons and drinking places they stab one another, and shoot one another; they tell us how men are knocked down in the street, how a gentleman from Kentucky walked out of the hotel and sight or light of him was never seen again; how the people are barbarians and savages, worse than the red Indians." Now I ask you, if I went back to Dublin

or London and said these words, how would you feel about it? Would you say I was telling the truth? Or would you not say, "Oh! Lord, I didn't think Father Tom Burke was such an infernal liar!"

I assert that there is not a people living, more capable of self-government and of making their own laws and abiding by them, than the Irish people, to which I belong, and I will prove it from Mr. Froude himself. I will not go outside of him. Mr. Froude admits, as every thinking man must, that the great elements of self-government amongst a people are, first of all, respect for justice and for law; secondly, fidelity to principle; thirdly, affection and love for the law; and fourthly, a capability of being formed by those who govern them and direct them. These are the four great attributes that belong to a people and that entitle them, if they have them, to the right of self-government. I grant you, that if a race or a people had no respect for the law, despised the law, and were anxious to violate it precisely because it was the law, that people don't deserve the power of making their own laws, and it would be "a mercy from God" if somebody would make laws for them. But are the Irish that people? Listen, my friends. Mr. Froude in the course of his lectures has quoted frequently a great authority in Irish history, viz., Sir John Davis, who was Attorney General in the reign of James I. This was an Englishman, or I believe, Welshman, who came over from England for the express purpose of plundering the Irish, stealing from the people; and he accordingly accumulated vast wealth and had *great estates* in Ireland. Yet this man writes these words "There is no people under Heaven that love equal and fair justice like the Irish; there is no people" he adds, who are more willing to submit to fair, impartial justice, though it go against themselves, than the Irish." Elsewhere he writes, "When things are peaceful, and no war is going on, the Irish are far more fearful of offending against the law than the English." If I quoted some Donough O'Brien, or some Terence O'Neill, or if I quoted the Four Masters, Mr. Froude would turn round on me and say "Ah! ah!! do you hear the friar quoting the old Franciscans, and the old Irish Monks, Oh! he would say, if he knew Irish, but he hasn't the grace to know it, *Gonosha dhioling*."

But I have been reviewing the lectures in which I answered Mr. Froude, and although a New York newspaper has charged me with quoting Catholic authorities, I protest to you, my friends, I can say with truth, from the first words of those lectures down to the last, every single authority quoted by me was a Protestant and an Englishman. And does not the history of Ireland bear out the truth of what Sir John Davis says? There were two parties in Ireland for seven hundred years, my friends; there were the old native Irish, the Mac's and O's, the O'Connors, the O'Briens, the McMurrroughs, the O'Neills and the O'Donnells. These were the genuine Irish; it was to these men that God Almighty had given Ireland; and the soil was theirs,



for they held it by the right by which every people holds its own land, viz., the right of a gift from God.\* Then came the Normans—the Fitzgeralds, the De Courcys, the Butlers, the Burkes; and when they entered Ireland they became, in a hundred years, “more Irish than the Irish themselves;” that is the old phrase Mr. Froude quotes, and says,

Perhaps Father Burke never heard of that phrase.” That phrase we ve all heard, ever since we were weaned. But I remark, in all Mr. Froude’s reply to me, that he takes it for granted—I suppose because I am an Irishman—that I know nothing about my native land—“Perhaps Father Burke doesn’t know this, and perhaps Father Burke doesn’t know that, but I will tell him what *I* know.” He says: “Perhaps Father Burke doesn’t know that the Normans were more Irish than the Irish themselves.” They were. But of all the traits of the Irish character that they took up, the most prominent amongst those in which they became more Irish than the Irish themselves was their love of fighting and devilment in general. They became the most unruly lot in the land, and we have the proof of it in this: that we have the Earl of Surry writing home to Harry the VIII., who had sent him to Ireland, telling him about the Irish chieftains—the Mac’s and the O’s—that “They are wise men, your Majesty, and good and quiet men, greatly better than the English.”

If the first element and the first attribute of a people to entitle them to self-government be a respect for justice and for law, I hold, upon the evidence of English authorities, that no man can deny to the Irish nation the right given by God to every people to govern themselves according to their own laws.

And there is another trait in the character of the Irish people that Mr. Froude brings out, both in his lectures and in former essays, and it is well worthy of remark. He says: “They are a people that are singularly adapted to good government.” And do you know the instance he gives? He says in one of his essays: “Take a wild, ragged peasant boy, ready to fling up his *caubeen* into the air and hurrah for Smith O’Brien, and hurrah for every Fenian, and for every Irish patriot—catch that boy”—catch him—as if he were talking of some young beast or savage—“Catch him, drill him and teach him, and in a few years you will have one of the finest policemen on the face of the earth.” And this he gives as a good instance that the Irish people, as he asserts, are capable of a perfect discipline, under good and perfect government. Now, I take him on that point, and I say, if, according to you, my learned friend, a year or two of discipline, and of justice, and of good government will make such a perfect subject out of an Irishman, tell us, if you please, Mr. Froude, how is it that for seven hundred years you have never been able to make good subjects out of them? The reason is that, for seven hundred years, Ireland has never known for twenty-four consecutive hours what good government



or sensible government meant. The Scripture says that one of the greatest curses that can fall upon a people is to give them a child for their King; that is to say, one without reason—without wisdom. And the curse of Ireland has been that she has been governed for seven hundred years, not by one child, nor by one booby, but by a nation of boobies, that never knew how to govern. Any other people, under the same government, would have been driven mad. The Irish have only been made national, every man of them, to the heart's core.

The third great element that asserts peoples right to govern themselves is their fidelity to principle. A man without principle cannot govern himself, and a nation without principle loses the great right to self-government by the judgment of God. What do I mean by principle? I mean certain ideas of right and wrong, fixing themselves in the mind, and in the heart and in the conscience of people and taking such hold of that heart, mind and conscience that no power on earth or in hell can tear those principles out of the national mind.

Show me a single principle in the history of the English people to which they have clung with this fervor. There is not one, except indeed, if you will, the principle of extending their Empire by robbery and by the confiscation of their neighbors' goods. Was the principle of devotion so fixed in their minds? No! for at the bidding of Harry the VIII. they changed their religion. Was the principle of devotion to the throne so fixed in their minds? No! for at the wave of Cromwell's sword all England bowed before him, and Englishmen cheered him in the day when he cut off the head of England's King. What principle is there revealed in the philosophy of their history for which that people were ever prepared to suffer, much less to die? Now, the whole history of the Irish race, from the day their history commences down to this hour, is marked with the assertion of eternal principle, no matter at what sacrifice or cost.

The first and the strongest principle that can govern the heart, and the mind, and the conscience of any man, and consequently of any people, is their fidelity to what they know to be the truth and their duty to God. Unless you admit this religious principle in the mind and in the conscience of the man with whom you have to deal, the less you have to say to him, the less you trust him the better. Tell me, my friends, is there a man amongst you would place say, \$10,000 on trust, depending on the honor of a man who told you he had no religious principle whatever; that he had no rules governing his conscience; that he did not care that! (snapping his fingers) for religion? You would take good care to keep your money out of his hands. Ireland for 1500 years has held the Catholic faith amongst the nations. The Catholic faith has three effects, operating upon the man and consequently upon the people who profess it. First of all, it acts upon the intellect as a conviction of the strongest kind, the intellect assenting to

its truths. Secondly, it acts upon the heart, purifying the affections and strengthening all the emotions of the spirit in man. Thirdly, it acts upon the conscience in the form of a strict, immutable, unchanging law, to which every man who professes it—be he great or small, gentle or simple—must bow down and conform himself alike.

I assert that the Catholic religion alone possesses this triple influence over the intelligent heart and conscience of man, and I will prove it in three words, although it does not enter into the subject of my lecture. First of all, it acts upon the intellect alone of all religions. The Catholic religion alone tells a man what to believe, and tells him that with so much certainty that he is not at liberty to change it. The best Protestant in the nation can become a Methodist, or a Quaker, or a Mormon, or anything. On one Sunday, if he likes, he will go to hear Mr. So-and-so, and the next Sunday he will go to hear somebody else. On one day he will hear the Reverend So-and-so say that black is white, and next Sunday the Reverend Mr. So-and-so will tell him that white is black.

He has no fixed principle of belief ; he has no real, unchanged intellectual faith at all ; his mind is like the general highway : every travelling thought and fancy may pass along there. The Catholic religion alone influences the heart ; and I assert this for her on the simple grounds that she alone takes hold of the heart of a man and fixes it forever in one form of affection or love. If she calls that man to the Priesthood, she consecrates him forever to the love of the Church, the Altar, and the souls of his brethren. Not a single thought, nor affection, nor emotion of any other love must ever disturb it. In this she acts upon the heart. She seals with her sacramental blessing the matrimonial bonds, and they are fixed forever. Heaven and earth may move, but that man and that woman are inseparably united ; their engagement may never be broken ; their vow may never be violated ; and when the Catholic Church binds, the husband to the wife and the wife to the husband, in immutable and mutual fidelity and love, the oath is as unchangeable as that oath which binds Jesus Christ to his Church. Finally, she alone lays hold of the conscience of a man, takes and brings him face to face with himself, teaches him to look at himself with fearless eyes, teaches him in her sacrament and in her confessional to bring up all that was basest, vilest, meanest, and most shameful of his sins, lay them out under his own eyes and confess them with his lips.

And I say that this first principle of fidelity in a nation is the fidelity to the principle of their religion. For 1,500 years Ireland steadily, heroically, conscientiously held that Catholic faith. For 300 years the Danes endeavored to change that faith into paganism ; for the Danish war was a religious war. Ireland fought—fought with heroic strength—fought with unfailing arm—fought with undying though bleeding

heart—and for 300 years she struggled until at length she cast the Dane to the earth and the Christ put his feet on the neck of the pagan Thor of the Scandinavian. Another cycle of 300 years came, and it was no longer the Dane, but it was the Saxon that held his sword at the throat of Ireland and said, even as the Dane of old said to her, “Oh! Erin! Paganism or death!” So he said to her, “Protestantism or death!” and Ireland answered, as she had answered the Dane, “I will fight, I will suffer, I will die. All this I know how to do, and well; but my faith I never will change from God, from his Christ and from his holy Church. And just as after 300 years of war, on that Good Friday morning, the sun rising from the heavens beheld an Irish king and his Irish army stand in triumph, pealing forth their songs of victory over the stricken and conquered Danes, so after 300 years of the second cycle the sun arose on that fair May morning in '29, and beamed upon the face of the great O'Connell and the Irish Nation, waving over the ruined battlements of the tyrant and of the old blood-stained Protestant Established Church of Ireland, the glorious banner of religious equality and freedom which was to be ours for ever.

Does Mr. Froude tell me or tell America that a people that have stood in the gap for 600 years, faithful to the first principle, the religious principle, the principle that includes every other form of virtue and principle and which, if a man is faithful to it, will make him honest, upright, faithful in his commercial, domestic, civil and national relations—does the man mean, to tell me that the English, a people that have never shown that fidelity of principle either to faith, country, or king, are fitted by the Almighty God to govern and to make laws for such a people as the Irish? It is worthy of remark, my dear friends, that even their loyalty to the king they carried, as Catholics, into their relations of life. Where were there a people so loyal even to the kings who were so unjust to them? I scarcely mention it to their praise—I scarcely look upon it as praiseworthy, but I must say it. Whenever England revolted against her king, Ireland stood by and said, “I will not change; if he was my king yesterday, he's my king to-day and I will be faithful.” Charles I. was king in Ireland; England rebelled against him, Parliament rose against him; the Scotch rebelled against him, but Ireland came out like one man and said “this man has done nothing to forfeit my allegiance, I will not give up my loyalty.” James II. fled from England, and the English people said “Well, let him go—” and indeed they were right. But poor foolish Ireland, strong in the principle of loyalty—strong on principle—said, “I will fight for him; he's my king, if he was my king yesterday and I was obliged to obey him, why shall I not obey him to-day?” So they took him, fought for him, bled for him profusely. I mention this only to show you that Mr. Froude's argument against Ireland's self-government, based on the Irish want of principle is fallacious and I gather up his assertions



from out the history of England, and fling them in his face and tell him to go home with them.

The Irish people have shown the four great attributes which entitle a people to self-government, viz : they not only have love of justice and obedience to law, but they love the law, provided it be a just and natural law ; they let it sink into their lives ; they are willing to conform all their actions to it ; their love for good law is only second to the love which they bear to their religion. And this I will prove. For 400 years England strove with might and main to change the laws of Ireland, and she failed.

From the year that Strongbow landed in 1169, until that year in the 16th century when Henry VIII. was proclaimed "King of Ireland," after many hundred years, the Irish people, in spite of all the efforts of England, were governed by their old Brehon laws and lived under them and obeyed them, they were right. I tell you, my friends, that there is one portion of Irish history ; which is not sufficiently known, nor sufficiently considered by the people, either in Ireland or in America, nor by historians like my friend Mr. Froude.

We are all accustomed to-day to speak of the Constitution of America as one of the most glorious principles and the most glorious on the face of the earth. And why ? Because that Constitution gives the most liberty of any other ; the most liberty to every citizen of the State, no matter how humble he may be ; because that Constitution will not recognize the right of any one man in the State to injure or tyrannize over another ; because that Constitution admits State Government on terms of equality. Every State having its own laws ; having its own Government, having its own Executive ; having its own functions. That Constitution has known how to reconcile individual liberty and State liberty with a strong central government which is represented in the President of the United States, who is elected every four years.

If we look back among the nations of the earth we do not find State governments in any of the old nations of Europe, nor any of the modern nations. At this very day we find England, having robbed Ireland of her State government, having robbed Scotland of her State government ; we find Bismarck plotting to rob the German States of their State governments, and to concentrate all the authority in the hands of three or four men, that they may have absolute power over the lives almost, and certainly over the liberties of their fellow-citizens. We find nothing like American constitutional liberty elsewhere ; we find nothing like the American Constitution in its grand principle that the wisdom of the whole nation is appealed to, and every man is asked his opinion as to who is the best citizen in the land,—who is the wisest, bravest, most virtuous man—to be put in the Presidential chair, and be, for the time being, the supreme magistrate and ruler of the land. If you go back amongst the ancient nations you will find nothing like this until you come upon the ancient Cel-



the Constitution of Ireland. There, my friends, will you find the very model and type of that glorious government which Washington, Jefferson and the other heroes and patriots of the revolutionary war established for the happiness of this land. They found the model of the American Constitution in the ancient Celtic Constitution of Ireland. The land was divided into five great portions, and each portion was recognized as an independent State—Munster, Connaught, Ulster, Leinster and Meath—perfectly independent one from the other. They were governed by great chieftains who were elected by every man in the land—every man had a voice and vote. The tribe elected their chief; the tribe elected the man who was to succeed the chieftain, and these five great nations or tribes enjoyed on the Democratic principle their State rights and State independence. Then at certain times they had the election for their President. They came together and elected the bravest, the best, the wisest, the most prudent and virtuous man, and placed him upon the throne in Tara as the universal King or *Ard Righ* of all Ireland. He governed the various States, but he was careful to respect their independence. There was no concentration. The King of Ulster, the Prince of Connaught, the King of Munster, rode down from the hall of Tara, after they had elected their supreme King, as perfectly free and independent in their State rights as if they never had elected a King to govern them all. No matter what the faults of that old Irish Constitution were, and they were many, I claim for it in this century, and at this hour, that the American Constitution is nothing more nor less than a faithful copy of the old Irish laws under which our fathers lived in peace and happiness until as, in a moment of anger, the God of Heaven sent down fire upon the cities of old, so the Saxon was let down upon the Irish race to blast our happiness and destroy our nation's laws and Constitution.

If time permitted I could compare the freedom, the equality, the grand republican liberty of the Irish Constitution with the grinding tyranny of that absolute feudal system under which England was governed and which they endeavored to establish in Ireland. The King was the absolute lord and master of every inch of the land. Every man who held land held it by virtue of the King, and on the condition of doing whatever the King commanded him to do. In other words, he held it upon the condition of slavery. Then the tenants were the mere serfs or slaves of the owner of the land. If he injured them in person or property there was no redress. Their domestic affairs were left under his control. If the son or daughter of a family died he could seize upon their property and squander it, and no one could call him to account. The King of England could, as he often did, beggar the first families in the land and no one could call him to account, because, by the feudal law, the King was not accountable for what he did. God bless us and save us from such a law!

Well, my friends, there was a great laugh the other night in the "Association Hall," I believe that is the name, in New York. It was a laugh

raised by the English historian at the expense of the poor Irish friar. The historian says that whatever else Father Burke is, he is a wonderful man at totting up numbers. He was kind enough to make for me a tot that I never made myself. I asserted, not upon my own authority, but I expressly stated that I heard men say that there were probably fourteen millions of human beings of Irish descent and Irish blood in this land of America. Making up the account of the millions that went from Ireland I asserted that perhaps there were eight millions of people who came to this country, Mr. Froude totted the eight up to fourteen, and then made it twenty-two. That had not entered my head, but he was kind enough to lend me the use of his brains. Then Mr. Froude came out with his account, and according to him of all the millions in America there are only four millions altogether with a drop of Irish blood in their veins. Well, perhaps I overshot the mark a little, but I protest to you I do not think I did. I think that if all the men, women and children of Irish descent were put together men would be greatly surprised to see how many millions they would foot up. Friends, we were in Ireland nine and a quarter millions in 1846; there is not half that number in Ireland to-day, and there has not been for some years. It is acknowledged that one and a half or two millions may have been swept away by visitation of God, the terrible famine or pestilence that ensued, but still you have to account for three or four millions that must have emigrated, gone somewhere. Where are they then? Since the year 1847 every year hundreds of thousands have been sent out to America. They must be found somewhere. These Irish men have families like other people, and, generally speaking, good long families, too. It was only the other day I got a letter from an old school fellow, a play-mate of mine, who came to this country some years ago. In his letter he said: "Dear Father Tom: Glad to hear you are well I married since I came to America and there is eight of them on the floor!" It has been almost proved by statistics published in an Irish journal in New York this very week, that there must be at least some twelve millions of Irish descent in America, and I hold that twelve millions is not so far from fourteen as four millions from twelve. If I made a mistake in the number of two millions, Mr. Froude certainly under-estimated it by eight millions, and I thank God there are eight millions more of Irish people in this land than Mr. Froude thought. It is a very important fact for the learned gentleman. Perhaps if he knew that the four millions were something more like fourteen millions he would be more careful and take more thought before he came to America to blackguard them before their fellow-citizens.

The next great point he made against me is that I said, when the Irish rose in the rebellion, as he calls it, in 1641. I denied that they massacred thirty-eight thousand Protestants. My friends, you know there are two ways of looking at everything, and there are two names of course for everything, even a man. A man's friends call him a kind hearted fellow, his

enemies say he is a dirty rascal. There was a rising in Ireland in 1641, Mr. Froude calls it a rebellion, but the parliament of England rebelled against the King, the Scots rebelled against the King, though he was one of their own countrymen, and the Irish people rose in the name of the King, and demanded of him as the reward, literally and truly, I can call it nothing else, leave to live in their own land and exercise their own religion, and the King promised he would give it, and the promise was called the "graces of the King." A certain Irish nobleman, Sir Phelim O'Neill, headed that rising, and he produced a document, purporting to be signed and sealed by the King of England, and he told them that he had authority from the King to call upon them to rise. That document was forged, like many another document. It was as great a forgery as the bull of Pope Adrian, pretending to give Ireland to England, as confounded a forgery as ever came out of hell. Sir Phelim O'Neill when dying, acknowledged that the document was a forgery. But the Irish people believed him when he said it was a genuine document, and they rose in the name of the King, and Froude calls it a rebellion because it was a forged document. Suppose some one brings a check to you and says, "Will you cash that for me? It is all right." You think it is all right and you cash it, but on presenting it at the bank the banker takes you by the throat and calls you a thundering robber, declaring that the check is a forgery. You say, "I am very sorry, I am the sufferer, I have lost my money. Don't call me a forger." Yet Mr. Froude calls it a rebellion because the document was forged. And he quotes Sir John Temple as his authority that 38,000 Protestants were slaughtered. Now Mr. Froude knew very well when quoting that authority that there was another English authority who says there were 200,000 Protestants killed and that was Sir William Petty. Mr. Froude quotes Sir William Petty in several cases, but he does not quote him for the 200,000, but pares it down to 38,000. Do you know the reason why? Because it happens that there were not as many as 200,000 Protestants in Ireland at the time, hence there could not be that number killed!

So Mr. Froude said, "I will not quote him but I will quote the other liar who said there were 38,000 killed. Is it not strange that at that very time a Presbyterian minister went through Ireland for the express purpose of finding out how many there were killed, and he declares that there were only 4,100 at the very outside, and he does not believe there were so many as that. And yet this man comes to America and repeats most emphatically the old lie which was exploded years and years ago, and all to make the American people believe that the Irish cannot govern themselves. But, on the other hand, we have an account of another massacre in which 3,000 Catholics were killed by the garrison at Carrickfergus. But Mr. Froude says Father Burke knows how to tot very well. "There were only 30 people killed and he makes out 3,000." Well, my friends, according to a Protestant authority it was 30 families, and there is a great deal of difference between 30 persons and 30 Irish families of nine or ten persons



each. Within ten years after the event took place, there was published in England an account that asserted there was 3,000 men, women and children killed in that massacre, and the man who published it defied any one to contradict the statement, and no man ever gainsayed it.

Mr. Froude attaches great importance to this business of the massacre of 1641, and says: let a commission be sent over to Dublin to search the state papers, and let the Lord Chancellor be on it, and this and that lord be on it, and they will find I am right and Father Burke is wrong. I answer I will not go rummaging among state papers, for a majority of them are atrocious lies, written by courtiers and interested men who are plundering the Irish people and are always anxious to print some excuse to justify their plundering them. Thus they are now accusing our fathers of crimes in order to justify their own acts. I will not go to these but take the particular statement that was published at the very time and was not denied even by the men who had a hand in the massacre.

He reiterates, and I am sorry to say it, the charge of cowardice against the Irish. In answering my lectures he said, "I never doubted Irish courage I never denied it," but last night he repeated his statement, that the Irish did not know how to fight. Although it is a strange thing, for in another part of his lectures he acknowledges that all the evils of Ireland arose out of the irrepressible love the people had for fighting. And he asserts again that the Irish troops did not behave well at the battle of the Boyne. What have I to say, my God, except to appeal to history, not to Catholic or Irish but English Protestant history. The Duke of Berwick, an Englishman, who commanded at the battle of the Boyne, says, that "King James brought all the French troops around him to guard his person and left the brunt of the battle to fall upon the Irish regiments. King James on that day, with the French, Irish and all was only able to put 23,000 men in the field, whereas William of Orange had 50,000 men and 50 pieces of artillery. King James had only 12 pieces of artillery, and he sent six away the night before, so he had only six on the field. The Williamites crossed the Boyne, and the Duke of Berwick tells us the Irish infantry and cavalry charged that entire army ten times before they retreated from the field. And it was only when they found that it was not in the power of human beings for so small an army to make an impression upon, and rout 50,000 warriors, only then they retired. In the second siege of Athlone, Major Fitzgerald commanded 400 men; there was an army of 18,000 against him, and he held out until out of that 400 only 200 were left. If Mr. Froude calls this cowardice, I don't know what he understands by courage. I think it would be time enough for the learned gentleman to accuse the men of Ireland of cowardice when he finds he can accuse the women of Ireland of being cowards.

When William of Orange laid siege to Limerick, the first siege, he battered down the walls until he made a breach twelve feet wide, and then picked out 12,000 of his best soldiers and sent them to enter the city, and when



they came to climb the ruined ramparts they found the women, the pure women, the holy maidens, the pure mothers of Limerick, standing side by side, and shoulder to shoulder with their brothers, husbands and fathers, and the women beat back the 12,000 Englishmen. And when they withdrew they left 2,000 of their dead before the walls of the grand old city. Moreover, the learned gentleman—I declare I am beginning to doubt whether he is a learned gentleman—says that when James confiscated six counties of Ulster, it was all a piece of good nature on the part of James to turn the Irish out, for he let them all in again. True, he says, James confiscated 2,500,000 acres of land, but he gave back 2,000,000 and kept 500,000 for the Scotchmen and Englishmen that he brought over. How would you like it, my friends, to have the United States Marshall come with soldiers and order you out of your house or stores and compel you to leave; keep you out in the streets two or three days, then come and say, “Oh, you are a good fellow, go back again.” How would you like it? But according to Mr. Froude, as the Irish people, after being robbed of 2,500,000 got back 2,000,000, they ought to be happy and contented. Again, how did they get back these 2000,000? According to Mr. Froude, by taking the oath of allegiance; now the oath of allegiance, is to be good and peaceful citizens. But there was another oath that they were obliged to take, the oath of supremacy by which they abjured the Catholic religion, and no man could go back until he had declared his disbelief in the religion of his fathers, and practically become an Infidel or a Protestant. Mr. Froude does not mention that, but Cox, the historian, who wrote the history of those times, mentions it. And then when he had swallowed the pill of Protestantism, perjured his soul, in what capacity was he let back? The English settlers found the land was too much for them. They found they could not till and work it, and so they said to the King, “What is the use of giving us all this land unless you allow us to employ the Irish people here to work it?” And then he gave them leave to let the Irish work it; living in mud cabins, as tenants, provided they would swear away their religion! Yet Mr. Froude says, James was so good, so kind, so benign, and only asked them to take the oath of allegiance!

There are two ways of telling a story, and I begin to think there are two ways of writing history. Mr. Froude says to the American people: “Please give me your verdict; say once for all to Irishmen in America ‘stop this nonsense about independence for Ireland; be quiet and peaceful; let England make the laws for Ireland, because the people do not know how to make them, and made bad laws in 1782 when England granted complete and total independence to the Irish parliament.’” That is true; but how did she grant it? When the volunteers drew up their cannon, and had them loaded, and their torches lit, and around the mouth of each cannon a little label on which these words were written: “Freedom for the Irish parliament, or else ——.” England gave Ireland her independence in 1782 in the same way that you would give up your purse

to a man who took out a Derringer revolver and said, "Give me that purse or take the contents of this." But Mr. Froude says that only sixteen years after the Irish people were allowed to make their own laws they rushed into a conspiracy, and from conspiracy into rebellion. I answer, Mr. Froude is wrong when he says that it was the independence of 1782 that caused the rebellion of 1798. I answer secondly, that the independence of 1782 did not represent the Irish people in that Irish parliament. There were 300 members of that House of Commons, and of these 300 only 72 were elected by the people, all the rest were nominated by the landlords and aristocracy who picked up any man who would vote according to their wish and desire. There were at that time 3,000,000 of Catholics in Ireland and 500,000 or 600,000 Protestants. On the one side you have half a million of comparative strangers, men who came into Ulster under James I. and Cromwellians, who were settled in Munster, planted by Cromwell and his successors; men without a drop of Irish blood in their veins. On the other side were the 3,000,000 of Irish people, firm as a rock to the religion of their fathers.

Now, that parliament of 1782 represented only the 500,000 strangers. Not a single Catholic in Ireland sat in that parliament. Patriotic as it was I deny that it represented the Irish nation. Grattan himself seems to have had remorse in claiming independence for the representatives, for he said: "I will never ask for independence for 600,000 Protestants, whilst I leave 3,000,000 of Catholics in slavery." I deny that it was an Irish parliament, and I hold that Mr. Froude has no business to tell us because a few Protestant Orangemen in 1782 did not know how to govern Ireland therefore the Irish people did not know how to elect their own members and make their own laws. But bad as that parliament was, and corrupt as it was, it was not the cause of the rebellion of 1798. No, no, so long as the muse of Irish history writes, will it go down to future generations that a premeditated design of the Prime Minister of England and the premeditated action of the Government of England drove the Irish people into the rebellion of 1798. It was done calmly, coolly, and with a purpose. William Pitt resolved to pass the act of Union and rob the Irish people of their parliament. He could not do it unless he disturbed the country, and by disturbing it destroy it. He deliberately goaded the Irish people into rebellion and sent over troops to Ireland who were quartered on the people and committed such ravages—burning houses, killing the men, worse than killing the women, that the people were maddened into rebellion, and we have the proof of it in the fact that when the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was made commander of the forces in Ireland, before the rebellion, he found the army he came to command in such a state, that after reproaching them for their wickedness and insubordination, he gave up the command and washed his hands clear of them. Sir John Moore, the Hero of Corunna, gives us testimony to the same effect. Take the celebrated Father John Murphy, who headed the rebels in

1798. He was a quiet, peaceable priest, going round among the people, taking care of his chapel and chapel-house, and going through his quiet duties. He went out to attend a dying penitent, and when he came back he found his chapel-house burned to the ground. The poor people, driven from their houses, were huddled together, and as he came up to them they asked him, "What in the name of God are we to do? It is impossible to live in this country. It would be better to be dead." He answered like a true man, "It would *not* be better to be dead, but it would be better to take up your pikes and strike in the name of God."

My dear friends, I am not a warrior, nor a man of war or blood, nor a man of revolution, I am the quietest and most peaceful of men, but I declare to you I do not know what I should have done if in Father John Murphy's place, except what Father John himself did.

But after all, these things are questions of the past, and we are more interested in the questions of the present and the future than we are in the things of the past. The question after all is, is all this to be continued? Is all this injustice, all this coercion, all this grasping at a nation, keeping it down, all this assertion that the people have no right nor title to govern themselves, all this justification of tyranny and spoliation, is all this to continue? Well, according to Mr. Froude, I am afraid it must continue. If he is the authority, I do not see any way out of the difficulty except two; first, to come to America, and lastly, remaining all at home and being coerced into submission. I do not like bragging or boasting, but I am not blind to the signs of the times, and I may tell Mr. Froude that the Irish people are not prepared to emigrate altogether. To be sure, it may be pleasant to cross the Atlantic—I did not find it very pleasant—and it may be a fine and pleasant thing to find a home and freedom and everything the heart could desire in America. Many of you have found it, and the more you find it the better pleased I will be. But after all there is such a country as Ireland on the face of the earth, and a sweet old country I have found it to be; and there are such a people as the Irish people who have held that land for ages and ages, for weal and for woe, and that land God gave to the Irish people, and with the blessing of God that land will belong to the Irish people until the day of Judgment. Mr. Froude's scheme of a universal emigration is a wild dream. I knew him to be a philosopher, I suspected him to be a historian, but I did not think or imagine him to be a poet until I heard him talk of a universal emigration of the Irish race.

If the agitation for "Home Rule" continues, he says: "The only way is to coerce us into submission. That is the old legislation for Ireland. I remember in my own days if the people wanted anything, Catholic emancipation or parliamentary reform, the way we were treated by the English government was to pass a coercion bill, and this was often followed by martial law, the people being ground to the very earth, no man allowed to speak his opinion. This is Mr. Froude's second remedy: I may as well tell him that the time for coercion bills has gone by; we



will have no more of them, and I will tell you what has assisted in passing them away for ever. You will be surprised to hear it from me, but I may as well speak my sentiments and my convictions, and I verily believe that the national schools of Ireland with all their faults have put an end to coercion bills forever. You may as well try to stop the sweeping of the hurricane by putting up your feeble hand against it; you may as well try to stop the lightnings of heaven by holding up your fingers against them, as try to stop by coercion the expression of the minds and desires of an educated people. It will never be done. The Irish people to-day are at an average as well educated as any other people in the world. You rarely meet in Ireland a man or woman who does not know how to read and write, and you will rarely meet a man who does not feel a mixture of joy, and pride, and anger, when he reads or hears of the wrongs and glories of his old country. England, says Mr. Froude, is greatly afraid she will have to go back to measures of coercion again. I tell him she will not have to go back to them again for the reason that she will not be able.

What fate is before Ireland? O, my friends, what can I say? Before me lies the past of my native land: I can weep over her wrongs. Before me lies the Ireland of to-day, and I can sympathize with her sorrows. I believe I can see the dawning of her hopes. Of the future it becomes me not specifically to speak. I am a man of peace not of war. It only remains for me to say that next to the duty I owe to God and His holy altar is the duty that I owe to thee Oh! Land of Ireland;—to pray for thee, to sigh for thy coming glory, and to be ready—whenever the necessary conditions will convince me that the fit hour has come—**TO TAKE A MAN'S PART IN THE VINDICATION OF THY NAME.**



# FROUDE'S

## DESCRIPTION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

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In his book entitled "The English in Ireland," Mr. Froude vents his wrath upon the people of Ireland in many passages and many ways. Here is one of the pictures he draws of them, and which Mr. Mitchel notices in the course of his lecture:

From a combination of causes—some creditable to them, some other than creditable—the Irish Celts possess on their own soil a power greater than any other known family of mankind, of assimilating those who venture among them to their own image. Light-hearted, humorous, imaginative, susceptible through the entire range of feeling, from the profoundest pathos to the most playful jest, if they possess some real virtues they possess the counterfeits of a hundred more. Passionate in everything—passionate in their patriotism, passionate in their religion, passionately courageous, passionately loyal and affectionate—they are without the manliness which will give strength and solidity to the sentimental part of their dispositions; while the surface show is so seductive and so winning that only experience of its instability can resist the charm. The incompleteness of character is conspicuous in all that they do and have done; in their history, in their practical habits, in their arts, and in their literature. Their lyrical melodies are exquisite, their epic poetry is ridiculous bombast. In the lives of their saints there is a wild if fantastic splendor; but they have no secular history, for as a nation they have done nothing which posterity will not be anxious to forget; and if they have never produced a tolerable drama, it is because imagination cannot outstrip reality. In the annals of ten centuries there is not a character, male or female, to be found belonging to them with sufficient hardness of texture to be carved into dramatic outline. Their temperaments are singularly impressionable, yet the impression is incapable of taking shape. They have little architecture of their own, and the forms introduced from England have been robbed of their grace. Their houses, from cabin to castle, are the

## 44 FROUDE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

most hideous in the world. No lines of beauty soften anywhere the forbidding harshness of their provincial towns ; nor climbing rose or creeper dresses the naked walls of farm house or cottage. The sun never shone on a lovelier country as nature made it. They have pared its forests to the stump, till it shivers in damp and desolation. The perceptions of taste which belong to the higher orders of understanding, are as completely absent as truthfulness of spirit is absent, or cleanliness of person and habit. The Irish are the spendthrift sister of the Arian race. Yet there is notwithstanding a fascination about them in their old land and in the sad and strange associations of their singular destiny. They have a power of attraction which no one who has felt it can withstand. Brave to rashness, yet so infirm of purpose, that unless they are led by others their bravery is useless to them ; patriots, yet with a history which they must trick with falsehood to render it tolerable even to themselves ; imaginative and poetical, yet unable to boast of one single national work of art ; attached ardently to their country, yet so cultivating it that they are the byword of Europe ; they appeal to sympathy in their very weakness ; and they possess and have always possessed some qualities the moral worth of which it is impossible to overestimate, and which are rare in the choicest races of mankind.

# "FROUDE, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN IRISH PROTESTANT."

LECTURE BY

## JOHN MITCHEL,

DELIVERED IN PLYMPTON HALL, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

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MR. PRESIDENT OF THE LIBERAL CLUB, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have to address you to-night upon the subject of a very extraordinary crusade which has lately been made upon this country by a most distinguished English historian. I think, in all the history of literature and of literary enterprise, so singular an achievement as this has never been heard of or read of. I am the more emboldened to come here and say what I think of that affair, just for the reason that this is a liberal club, and that I am likely to be censured or contraverted if I say anything that is liable to such remark. In such an audience, whether it be large or small, accustomed to weigh and to judge of argument, and to let mere rhetoric pass unnoticed, and fly away in the wind, I am not likely to carry off anything on my own simple announcement of a fact, or of my own view, no matter how eloquent soever my own expression of opinion. Now, the crusade which we have seen lately commenced here by Mr. Froude has occupied the attention of cultivated writers in New York so much that I don't find it at all necessary to enter into a description of it. You all know what it was, and I must say that it was an ungracious mission, to say the very least, that Mr. Froude took upon himself when he came over here, after first writing his book, charged with the contents of that book, to discharge them in America—in the American cities—all directed point blank at the social, political, moral standing of the whole Irish race.

Now, in the remarks that I am going to make, I shall certainly not do as my respected friend, Father Burke, felt himself obliged to do; I shall not make it an ecclesiastical affair; it is not a matter between rival creeds, it is a matter of the relations of my native country—Ireland—and the larger, wealthier, and more potent country—England.

And it is of no consequence, in my mind, what creed any Irishman believes or disbelieves; I am not coming to horrify you and harrow up your feelings by any narration of the cruelty, the oppression, the many confiscations, and the slaughters that have been perpetrated on my country and its inhabitants. Neither will I have any sort of complaint or vituperation to pour out on the English nation for all that has passed in Ireland. No! there is not occasion for complaint or vituperation. But I do mean to tell you that this series of lectures, and this book of Mr. Froude's, bear false witness against my people.

If I don't convince you of that fact before I sit down, then I have lost my time in coming here to-night. It may be granted for all present purposes—and let it be—that the English or the Normans, or whoever else the historian pleases, were forced by circumstances to take charge of Ireland. That is his expression. "They were forced over to Ireland by circumstances." That having so taken charge, they were forced to take all the lands of the island for their own people. "Forced" to persecute the religion of the country, and transport and flog the priests for saying mass. "Forced" to stir up continual insurrections in order to help the good work of confiscation. Let all this theory stand admitted. The chief aim I have in the present point, which I shall make, is to show that this historian has falsified history in order to blacken the Irish people, and to lower them in the estimation of this nation, which has given them an asylum, and opened a career for their industry, which, I trust, they will never disgrace. Taking up this history then at the period Mr. Froude has elected, and which he calls the turning point in the history of Ireland, that is the Cromwellian period, and that of the so-called massacre of 1641, which immediately preceded Cromwell's coming. Taking that part of the history, I must first give some account of the array of witnesses brought forward to establish that massacre, and especially of Sir John Temple, of Borlase, of Sir William Petty, and of the forty folios of depositions—"sworn depositions"—testimonies which, indeed, I did not expect that any Englishman or any Orangeman would ever have the temerity to quote again. As Mr. Froude, however, who is called the "first of living historians," has thought proper to drag to light again the whole hideous romance, and has actually come over to America to pour it into the horrified ears of this people, both through his lectures and through the medium of his books, I shall now follow him into the revolting details of one period of the few years which he has selected as the turning point. There is one thing very observable, both throughout the lectures and the books of this Mr. Froude, and to my mind it is somewhat entertaining. It is that though Mr. Froude exhibits very dark portraiture of the Irish people in general, he kindly excepts us Protestants. He says: "Oh! when I call them a generation of reprobates, and traitors, and cut-throats, I don't mean you, you Protestants; on the contrary, you are a



noble, Godly element, which we Englishmen have introduced to bring some order out of the bloody chaos. You are the missioned race." Mr. Macanlay, his predecessor, had previously called us the imperial race. "We have planted you and we have enabled you to help yourselves to the lands and goods of the irreclaimable Popish savages, in order that you might hold the fair island in trust for us—Ireland's masters and yours." You are our own Protestant boys! "I pat you on the backs, I exhort you not to do the work of the Lord negligently." That is the kind of phrase they had in that day. But I am not myself acquainted with any Irish Protestant gentleman who is likely to accept this considerate exception in our favor. My own friends in Ireland, from boyhood, at school and at the university, and in after life, have been generally of the opinion that it would be a blessed and a glorious day when the last remains of English dominion in their country was swept into the seas.

I never was taught in my youth that the man of two sacraments has a natural right and title to take all the possessions and to take the life of the man of seven. My father was not only a Protestant, but a Protestant clergyman, and in the year 1793 when only a student in college he was sworn in as a United Irishman, and then proceeded to swear all his friends into the same society. I am sure you gentlemen know what was the noble object of this society; it was to suppress and abolish forever on that soil the dominion of England. Now Henry Grattan was a Protestant, and he was not a very bad Irishman. Henry Grattan did not affirm, but on the contrary, denied the pretensions of England to govern Ireland for her own profit, which is Mr. Froude's theory. This was the hand that penned the Declaration of Irish Independence. This was the hand—the brain—that brought together, not the great army of the volunteers, but an immense force to make good his Declaration of Independence, and he did make it good for eighteen years. Theobald Wolfe Tone was a Protestant, and he brought over two successive French expeditions to Ireland, to assist the Irish in shaking off British dominion. And Tandy was a Protestant, and he commanded the artillery of the volunteers, and planted his batteries in front of the Parliament, the House of Commons, to extort from the English Government free trade for Ireland. Shiel and many other patriots were Protestants, and there seems to be no incompatibility between Protestants and Irishmen. But I confess that I felt myself a little mortified when this controversy was lately sprung upon us, to find that it was treated by both parties in a manner a little too ecclesiastical for my tastes. I don't blame Father Burke, because perhaps it was forced upon him, a Dominican Monk, in repelling furious and bitter assaults upon his church and his order; it was unavoidable for him to retort, but it has given the whole of that controversy as it stands hitherto a too religious aspect. I don't say that in any disparag-

ing or derogatory sense, but it does not meet the case, that is what I mean to say. Well, you know when Mr. Froude takes us Protestants in such a conspicuous manner under his charge, and flatters us with being the salt of the earth, upon whom England relies for maintaining her power in Ireland. I fear that he is going to have a very ungrateful set of clients in us. We will not have his advocacy at any price. I can imagine that I see William Smith O'Brien receiving the congratulations of the historian as a Protestant, and therefore, as a sort of a deputy Briton. This revered name of O'Brien I cannot mention without bowing in homage to that grand memory. He was as good a Protestant, at least, as Mr. Froude, the historian, but he spent many years of his life in exile and captivity, because he sought to free his country by the armed hand from British rule. He and I myself, who address you, have broken the bread of exile together, and have drank of the cup of captivity with one another in the forests of the antipodes, and he never to my knowledge, to the latest hour of his life, repented the part he took in trying to stir up his people—Catholic or Protestant, he did not care which—to stir them up to one manly, vigorous effort to throw off English dominion.

It would be easy, of course, to enlarge upon this affair of Mr. Froude's Protestant clients, but I will drop that. One of them is Mr. Prendergast, the author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland." It is not a very large volume, and is one of the most perfect works of art, as a historical composition, I have ever seen. It treats, as the title implies, of that particular portion of our history, and Mr. Froude himself takes occasion to pay a very high compliment to Mr. Prendergast, although he is not in the habit of paying compliments. But he could scarcely help it on this occasion, because Mr. Prendergast being much more familiar with the archives and Record Office than ever he was or ever will be, was of great use to him in procuring authorities for his books. He therefore takes occasion, and I marked it down to read you that sentence, in order that the book of Mr. Prendergast may become better known as having the very high and irrefragable attestation of Mr. Froude. He says: "I cannot pass from this part of my narration without making my acknowledgements to Mr. Prendergast, to whose personal courtesy I am deeply indebted, and for whose impartiality and candor in this book, in this volume of the Cromwellian Settlement, I cannot offer to-night better praise than by saying that the conclusions which he has arrived at and my own are precisely the very opposite. He writes as an Irish patriot, and I as an Englishman; the difference between us is not of the facts, but the opinion to be formed about them."

Mr. Prendergast writes relative to the transplantation of the people of the three provinces out of four in Ireland. Their transplantation was into the province of Connaught, which was a land of lakes, wastes,

black morass and mountains. The difference of opinion to be formed of that transaction appears, as Mr. Prendergast thought it was, a hard measure, and Mr. Froude thinks it was a wise and prudent arrangement, intended for the good of the Irish race.

Now, the amusing part of this relation that exists between Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Froude is, that since the publication of that book Mr. Prendergast, seeing that he was highly complimented by a very eminent historian, who is very acceptable to many thousands of readers, Mr. Prendergast, who might have felt flattered and soothed by so handsome a mention, suddenly flies out into a passion of rage. He writes to the Dublin journals, and says: "It is true I did give him information. I did give him references to the authorities. Sometimes through other persons and sometimes directly to himself." Then Mr. Prendergast goes on to say, that on one occasion, where they were at a loss for some authorities on a point which was likely to involve a good deal of difference of opinion, he found the authorities, and communicated them to Mr. Froude. He says: "I met him at the College Library, and told him I had found what was wanted, and referred him to it," describing it. But he goes on: "I saw well enough from the demeanor of the man, his expression, that he was going to misdeal with it in some way or other." Absolutely he says that in print now. So what does he do? He goes and publishes it in the Dublin papers, the best evidence to nail the fact that he thought Mr. Froude would otherwise misdeal with it.

Now, I shall not have time nor space in one lecture to enter upon that particular question he has raised. I only mention it to show you how another of Mr. Froude's clients takes his patronage, for it happens that Mr. Prendergast is a Protestant.

Well, now, to come to that insurrection of 1641. Undoubtedly there was an insurrection. It commenced in the province of Ulster, and it broke out suddenly on the 23d of October in that year—more than 200 years ago—and the whole plan and purpose of it, as admitted by the worst enemies of the Irish nation, was to retake and to possess the farms and the houses which had been forcibly taken away from the Irish of Ulster. At the very most but from twenty years to thirty years had elapsed since the people of these counties had been driven to mountains and bogs, that their pleasant fields might be granted to Scotch and English settlers. Most of the Irish people were still living by or near the fields they had lost. They could see them; from the brow of the hills, where they generally had to fly for shelter, they could see the fields they had tilled, now tilled by the stranger; they could see the yellow corn falling beneath the sickle of the stranger; *they could see the smoke from their own chimney rising up from the stranger's hearth.* Now, was not that a provoking sight? That they frequently made incursions; that they frequently violated what the English called



law, and broke the peace; that they became "Tories" (which was a political term in those days) and Rapparees, was inevitable. The best of them—the most high spirited of the young men—went to France and Spain to take service in those armies, or in any other army where they might have a chance to strike a good blow at England on any field. But most of them were still on the hill sides, and in the bogs and scrub forests of Ulster. Their case was, when they were charged with those troublesome incursions on the lowland settlers, very similar to that of the Highland cateraus, their kinsmen, who often made a swoop down from their hills upon the valley of the Clyde or the Forth, and carried away herds of cattle. As one of them said to one who remonstrated with him on the illegality of his proceedings:

"Pent in this fortress of the North,  
Think'st thou we shall not issue forth,  
To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey?  
Aye! by my soul, while on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one strock of grain,  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's maze,  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Will, with strong hand, redeem his share."

Now, the feeling was the same, and yet it was more excusable in the Irish evicted peasant than it was in the Highlanders. Those Highlanders had lost their rich fields for ages and generations, but, the Irish, as I told you, could look down from their hills and see their own houses and their own cattle, or the produce and increase of their own cattle, browsing on their own fields. So that it is not very wonderful, after the confiscation of six counties in the time of James I., the Irish, after waiting many years to see whether some good might not come to them from complications in politics in England, after waiting until another reign—that of King Charles I.—at last, finding that King Charles and his parliament were coming to blows, it is no wonder they thought they would take a hand in. But, as I say, the intention was—and I will be able to show you that the execution was the same—simply to repossess of the land which they had, and which could very easily identify by meter and bounds at that time.

To give you some little idea of their provocations, let me mention this: There had been but lately presented to the English parliament a proposition by divers gentlemen, citizens and others, "for the speedy and effectual reducing of the kingdom of Ireland." It is a kingdom that always needs "reducing." First, "They do compute that less than a million of money will do that work;" secondly, "They do conceive that, the work being finished, there will be enough of confiscated land in the country, under the name of profitable land, to amount to ten millions of acres, English measure." Now the whole of Ireland is exactly the size of the State of South Carolina; yet they want ten mil-



lions of acres for Englishmen. Two millions and a half of these acres to be taken out of four provinces will sufficiently satisfy them, to be divided among them, as follows, namely: To such an adventurer a thousand acres in Connaught, &c., in proportion to the share he contributed to the fund, and this was to consist of meadow and arable or pasture land; the woods, bogs and barren mountains coming in over and above. And the act was passed, and the gentlemen adventurers put in their money, and these gentlemen adventurers did actually come, for a short time, to become proprietors of a great part of Ireland.

I may mention this on the authority of Dr. Leland, the historian of Ireland and a Protestant clergyman. He says:

"The future hope of the Irish colonists and the English Parliament was the utter extermination of the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland. Their estates were already marked out and allotted to their conquerors; So they and all their posterity were consigned to inevitable ruin."

Carte says in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant:

"The event was most disastrous. They hoped for the extirpation not only of the mere Irish, but of the old English families that were Roman Catholics. Whatever were the professions of the chief governors, the only danger that they apprehended was the too speedy suppression of the Rebels."

All Irishmen were called Rebels at that time.

Well, that has given you no details, nor shall I now take time to do so, of what they suffered in the matter of religion. I will only read you one extract. On January 31st, 1629, more than ten years before the Rebellion, a letter was sent to the Lords Justices and Counsellors of Ireland from the Government. An extract from it reads: "For where such people are permitted to swarm," that is to say, friars, monks and priests, "they will soon make their hives, and then endure no government but their own; who cannot be otherwise restrained, except by a prompt and seasonable execution of the laws, and such is the direction to the people, from time to time, that is sent from His Majesty in this part." And such messages as these to his officers: "If any shall be discovered openly or underhandedly favoring such offenders, to take all necessary and sufficient advantages by the punishment and discipline of the few to make the rest more cautious, and thus we write to assure you of our assistance on all such occasions. We have advised His Majesty and require you to take order: first, of the house where so many friars appeared in their hoods, wherein the Archbishop of Dublin [a Protestant Archbishop] and the Mayor of Dublin received their first affront, and to speedily demolish it, to make it a terror to others; and the rest of the houses erected or employed elsewhere in Ireland for the

use of superstition to be turned into Houses of Correction for such idle people to work for the advancement of justice, good art and trade."

At that same time, before these people were stirred up to insurrection, the laws required all men to attend the Established Church of England, on pain of £20 sterling penalty a month. It was no small sum. But, if in addition to that, if any man should be convicted of harboring or relieving a person who did not go to church, that person was to pay another fine of £10 sterling a month for so long as he harbored or relieved him. In certain cases, if a man's father or mother were extremely poor and had no other place to go, the man was allowed to harbor and to relieve his own father and mother; but if they had any place to go, any means of living, he was in for the fine. So at that time a poor Irishman might harbor a burglar or a murderer, he might relieve any cut-throat or rick-burner, but to harbor or relieve his father or mother involved him in ruin.

Now, the writers that form really all the authority upon this subject are the writers on whom I exclusively, and Mr. Froude in a degree, relies, are Carte, who wrote this book of the "Life of the Duke of Ormonde;" Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls; the Rev. Ferdinand Warner, and Dr. Leland. And these very men have given us these several testimonies.

Carte says :

"Their first intentions, these insurgents, is not further than to strip the English Protestants of their power and possessions; and, unless forced to by opposition, not to shed any blood." Temple, the bitterest enemy of all, says: "It was resolved by the insurgents not to kill any unless where they, of necessity, were forced thereunto by opposition." Warner says: "Resistance produced some bloodshed, and in some instances private revenge, religious hatred, and the suspicion of some political concealment has enraged the rebels. So far, the other was the original scheme first pursued, and few fell by the sword except in open war and assault."

So I think those who have studied that time with some degree of care remember that few or none ever fell by the sword, or none except by war and open assault until a certain day. The leading deponent who filled up those forty folios, as Mr. Froude calls them—but there was only thirty-four, in Trinity College—the leading deponent is a certain Dr. Maxwell, who then lived in a little village called Tyrian, in the County of Armagh. It is on his deposition that most of the forfeitures in all Ulster were made, and it is to him that Mr. Froude refers as bearing out the terrible picture he has given of the massacre, as he calls it. Let me give you some notion of some sort of the swearing that took place. He has given you an extract or two from Dean Maxwell's

affidavit. But first bear in mind that the Dean, who was a very ambitious divine, desired to rise in his profession. He, in fact, was a corrupt and bigoted divine, who actually became bishop for this affidavit—the Bishop of Kilmore. “The deponent saith that the rebels themselves told him.” Note that form of expression. What were the representations of the rebels? Had they no name? What chance had they to come to the Dean of Tyrian and tell him—the rebels themselves? “They *told him* that they murdered 954 in one morning in the County Antrim, and besides them they killed 1,100 or 1,200 more in that county. They *told him*, likewise, that Colonel Brian O'Neill killed about 1,000 in the County Down and 300 near Kilroe, besides many hundreds both before and after in these counties; that he *heard* Sir Phelim likewise report that he killed about 600 Englishmen at Garva in the County Derry.”

Try if the human mind can imagine the killing of 600 Englishmen, and Sir Phelim coming to Dean Maxwell at Tyrian to tell him what he had done, and that he had neither left man, woman or child in Tyrone, Armagh, Newry, and so on. “He saith also that there were above 2,000 of the British murdered for the most part in their houses, whereof he was informed by a *Scotchman*.”

This Dean swears on the Holy Evangelists that 2,000 British, who had no names, were murdered, whereof he was informed by a Scotchman, who was in these parts and saw their houses filled with their dead people. In the glenwood were slaughtered, *said the Rebels*, and told the deponent, “upwards of 12,000 in all.” Why, there were not the half of 12,000 Protestants in all that County of Down, taking in the women and children.

Arthur Culver of Cloughwater, in the County of Cavan, esquire, deposes—“That he was credibly informed, by some that were present there that there were thirty women and young children, and seven men flung into the river of Belturberet; and when some of them offered to swim for their lives, they were by the rebels followed in boats and knocked on the head with poles; the same day they hanged two women at Tubert; and this deponent doth verily believe that Mulmore O'Rely, the then Sheriff, had a hand in the commanding the murder of those said persons, for that he saw him write two notes, which he sent to Tubert, by Brian O'Reily, upon whose coming these murders were committed; and those persons who were present also affirmed that the bodies of those 30 persons drowned did not appear upon the water till about 6 weeks after past; as the said O'Rely came to the town, all the bodies came floating up to the very bridge; those persons were all formerly stayed in the town by his protection, when the rest of their neighbors in the town went away.”

Now let me read for you other extracts or *morceau*—

The Examination of Dame Butler; who being duly sworn, deposes



that "she was credibly informed by Dorothy Renals, who had been several times an eye-witness of these lamentable spectacles, that she had seen to the number of five-and-thirty English going to execution; and that she had seen them when they were executed, their bodies exposed to devouring ravens, and not afforded as much as burial."

And this deponent saith "that Sir Edward Butler did credibly inform her, that James Butler of Finyhinch, had hanged and put to death all the English that were at Goran and Wells and all thereabouts!"

"Jane Jones, servant to the deponent; did see the English formerly specified going to their execution; and, as she conceived, they were about the number of thirty-five, and was told by Elizabeth Home that there were forty gone to execution."

Thomas Fleetwood, late curate of Kilbeggan, in the County Westmeath, "deposeth, that he had heard from the mouths of the rebels themselves of great cruelties acted by them. And, for one instance, that they stabbed the mother, one Jane Addis by name, and left her little suckling child, not a quarter old, by the corpse, and then they put the breast of its dead mother into its mouth and bid it 'suck English bastard!' and so left it there to perish."

"Richard Burke, Batchelor in Divinity of the County Fermanagh, deposeth that he heard and verily believeth of the burning and killing of one hundred at least in the Castle of Tullagh, and that the same was done after fair quarter had been promised."

"Elizabeth Baskerville deposeth that she heard the wife of Florence Fitzpatrick find much fault with her husband's soldiers because they did not bring her the grease of Mr. Nicholson, whom they had slain, for her to make candles withal."

It would weary you if I were to repeat all that "the deponent verily believes!" or has heard somebody tell that the rebels have done. There is much that I could not read in this or indeed in any assembly. But the shameful part of this matter is that Mr. Froude cites nearly all these things that I have now read to you those except the ghosts, as matter of fact. He refers in general terms to those great folios of papers as "the eternal witness of blood"—fine language he always uses—"which the Irish Catholics have been striving ever since to wipe away." Go through that eternal witness, and you will find these things I have read to you. He absolutely cites them here!

"Some were driven into the rivers and drowned, some hanged, some mutilated, some ripped with knives; the priests told the people that the Protestants were worse than dogs—they were devils and served the devil, and the killing of them was a meritorious act. One wretch, as he is credibly informed," "stabbed a woman with a baby in her arms, and



left the infant in mockery on its dead mother's breast, bidding it 'suck English bastard.'"

He does not in the whole of his account give the slightest hints that anybody has objected to the authenticity of these evidences, or that anybody ever doubted that these persons ever did really take these oaths, or that those oaths are not all relied upon as historical authorities.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is a very sad and dreadful thing to think of, that they founded upon such ignominious trash,—such monstrous masses of foolish balderdash and infamous perjury,—laws that might confiscate the estates of almost all the gentlemen in Ireland; and these estates were handed over to the adventurers that had already subscribed and put in their contributions, and to the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell.

All was done with the utmost piety. That was the rule in those days. Mr. Prendergast, in his excellent book gives a good many examples of the astonishing piety and virtue of Sir William Petty, the Surveyor for Cromwell's army, and the other people, who were concerned in the usual exercise of setting out the lands and estates that were confiscated, and in driving their inhabitants across the Shannon into the mountains of Connaught. "They sought the Lord always with strong crying and tears that He would send a blessing upon the great work that they were achieving; they cried out that the infant was almost come to the birth, but there was no strength to bring forth, unless the Lord helped."

In one way or another they got the whole population, except the merest laborers and plowmen, out of the country into Connaught, and gave their lands to the soldiers and officers of Cromwell's army.

Now all that is done; it is over. There is nobody now talking of unsettling the settlement of property which now exists there. In all the discussions about the Irish National questions that are constantly disturbing society there, nobody is daring enough to propose that there should be a new confiscation to make things straight after two hundred years of quiet enjoyment. They just seek nothing in this world but the legislative independence of their country, and then each man to have the opportunity of doing the best he can to advance himself in life, and to contribute his share to the enriching and the governing of his native land.

I think it must have cost an effort to any man with the accomplishments and talents of Mr. Froude to come over here to endeavor to inculcate upon Americans such a dreadful impression of the national character of a people, that form now so large a portion of our population. Why should he do it? What harm had they ever done to him? Not only no harm, but he himself acknowledges somewhere, that when he was taken by nearly a mortal sickness in his youth, he was taken care of by a poor family of peasants in the County of Mayo. They

took such tender care of him as only Irish women know how; and never from that day to this has he received cause of quarrel or complaint from any Irish man or woman that I ever heard of.

Why should he tell you "You ought to hate them?"—for he does that in so many words in his book; that you ought not to tolerate their religion, and that no government ought to tolerate it, but repress it by pains and penalties. He says, "No Government need keep terms with such a creed [meaning the Catholic], when there is power to abolish it; and to call the repression by England of a religion which has issued so many times in BLOOD and revolt, by the name of persecution, is merely an abuse of words." What I ask your attention to is that phrase of his, "No Government ought to tolerate it, and every Government ought to repress it by pains and penalties." What does he mean by that? When England seeks to force her opinion on other men, and the other men with their own opinion resist the force, now which of the two opinions causes the revolt and blood?

Now another thing I have to complain of in Mr. Froude. He quotes the work of Sir John Temple, who gives extracts of those depositions; but besides that he gives a very considerable account of himself and of the miseries and slaughters that fell on Ireland in those days. Mr. Froude never hints that Temple is not good authority. He never seems to have the fear of anybody coming at him, "the great histoian" to accuse him of palming off on them bad authority. Now he knows that this same Sir John Temple not only had the very strongest interest in establishing the truth of that massacre, but also in making it as bad as possible, because he was one of the adventurers himself; had paid his subscription and could not get his money back unless the massacre was established. But after his term was served he endeavored to suppress that book, and to stop its circulation. Either he was ashamed of it, or else, what is more probable, he thought it would not do him any more good after King Charles II. had come back after the restoration. Lord Essex then was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in a letter of his which is published, soliciting for a handsome annuity to Sir John Temple, for some service he supposed him to have performed, he takes occasion, on the part of Sir John Temple, to contradict the fact that he ever allowed a second edition of that work to be published, and informed the Government that Sir John Temple absolutely denied that he ever gave the booksellers permission to print a second edition. Nevertheless it was reprinted several times, and I am the fortunate possessor of a copy. I should be very glad indeed if some enterprising publisher would reprint it and send it along with Mr. Froude's history, for everybody to read. But what I complain of is, Mr. Froude knows that Essex had made that disclaimer on the part of Temple, for it is in the well known collection of the "Letters of the Earl of Essex," in two

quarto volumes, which collection is known to Mr. Froude, and must be in all the public libraries of all the English-speaking nations.

Now, not to detain you too long, I only want to say that it is here that my quarrel with Mr. Froude is,—that he has come over here to misrepresent the Protestants of Ireland. We can not take him as a representative of the Protestants. I do not know that he is a Christian at all. My impression is, that the seven sacraments and the two sacraments in his eyes are all one. But what I do say is that we cannot take his advocacy of establishing our right and title in Ireland on that "superior" ground. We want no superior ground. We want to live in good fellowship and good neighborhood with the Catholic people around us. We want to see some reparation made for the long centuries of rapine and slaughter that have been inflicted upon us. In fact, I believe my task has been almost taken away from me; and my effort has been rendered needless before I came here, by the very extraordinary lecture lately delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips. A most generous and noble speech was that of Mr. Phillips, and I confess some surprise at finding that this gentleman had flung himself so heartily on the side of the weak against the strong, and had taken the Irish side against the English. I could not end without paying my tribute to Wendell Phillips for that speech, and I thank you for the kindness with which you have listened to me so far.

The President then announced that, in accordance with the custom of the club, the members would now discuss the subject of the lecture in speeches of ten minutes' duration, after which the lecturer of the evening would close with a few remarks.

The discussion was opened by Dr. Halleck in a brief and very emphatic address. Dr. Halleck asserted that the question between Ireland and England was entirely a religious question, and that the Irish Catholics were governed absolutely by the Pope of Rome.

Professor Wilcox followed. He gave it as his opinion that Mr. Froude had entirely mistaken the spirit of his own countrymen. He said that England recognized the necessity of the age, and that he considered she would be willing to grant the independence of Ireland. He agreed with Father Burke that a peaceful policy would be best for Ireland to pursue, and cited the instance given by Wendell Phillips in his lecture on the great O'Connell, when the first of Irish orators and statesmen held the Whig party in one hand and the Tory party in the other, deciding to which he should give the government of England. Since that policy had been unfortunately abandoned no good results have been attained.

Mr. Andrew H. Devine replied to the assertions of Mr. Halleck by giving them a flat denial, and defied the Doctor to produce his proof, "unless," he said, "it was obtained from the veracious articles of Eugene Lawrence in *Harper's Weekly*."



## O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S REMARKS.

In response to the request of the chairman, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa then addressed the assembly as follows :

"I did not expect, ladies and gentlemen, that you would call upon me, and I did not come prepared to speak; but as you have called upon me to address you, I will say a few words. My friend, Dr. Halleck, has, to my mind, given us a very fair specimen of what a liberal club ought to be, and in the little spicy debate that followed, my friend, Professor Wilcox, said that I would differ from him. He has his opinion and I have mine. Dr. Halleck has talked about the Pope, and about us Irish people being subject to the Pope, but, as Mr. Devine has so well said, any one who knows history knows that for 400 years after England introduced her people into Ireland, England and Ireland were both Catholic, and that England governed Ireland as mercilessly then as she has since she became Protestant. The question between England and Ireland was never a religious question in that day, but, since the Reformation, England has done all that she could to show the world that it was on account of religion that Ireland had such an antagonism to her government of the country. In regard to what is called the massacre of 1641, bigoted historians may have succeeded, even in Ireland, in giving the matter a religious complexion; but those who know of Ireland's ruin under that government before the Reformation, before the Protestant religion was ever introduced in England, well know how little need there was of the new agency of religious hatred. But when the Reformation was introduced in England, why, the Irish, according to the story they invented, rose because the Protestant religion came over with Englishmen. Such is the explanation which Froude and other prejudiced historians find in looking over our history, and endeavoring to give the whole fight a religious complexion; though it has been clearly shown that the real fight was not against Protestantism, but against the English who had plundered the Irish of their possessions.

My friend, Dr. Halleck, has talked of the infallibility of the Pope of Rome, but I thought he would be about as fair a specimen of infallibility in his opinion, if he were to be Pope, as any man I have ever seen, and I doubt even now whether he does not consider himself infallible. He has alluded to a question—which I did not like to see raised—between North and South, and said something in regard to Mr. Mitchel's position. In regard to the question of an Irishman's taking the part of the South, although O'Connell did not, I need only remind you that many men in the North, and many distinguished Americans, favored the Southern cause.

I don't want to go into the question, but I should like to ask the gentleman, if his parents were Catholic, and he had been brought up in



that faith, at what period of his life he would see the errors of Catholicity and become what he is now? I took a note of what he said, because I thought it was a very curious kind of speech from a liberal man.

Professor Wilcox has mentioned my name, and spoke of the folly of trying to free Ireland by the armed hand, but only for the armed hand I don't know what we would be here to-day. Perhaps England would think that America was between her and India, and she would insist on having facilities for her exportation and controlling the commerce she got from this country.

There is one analogous case in regard to the question of introducing religion into politics. Supposing that when our ancestors came here—I may say our ancestors, as everybody here must be descended from the Puritans—when they came here there were a people with a very strong know-nothing spirit in the country; there were a people here who were jealous of any others coming to the country, and they met these Puritans and tried to scalp them. Now if these Indians had only one name to express the words Puritan and Englishman, and Mr. Froude should write down in his book that all these Puritans were massacred because they were Puritans, and it was on account of their religion that the Indians scalped them, this is just analogous to the case of the war between Ireland and England. The Irish had but one name—"Sassenagh"—for both the Englishman and the Protestant. I trust that in America a better spirit prevails between the people of whatever nationality. I think, at least, that this country is one of the brightest places in the world, and those who are here have little need to be jealous of those who come to aid them in developing its resources.

I will offer you no more remarks, ladies and gentlemen. I have peculiar notions of my own, perhaps. I believe in the independence of my native land, and I believe that independence must be won and established by the armed hand. It is true war is a terrible alternative, and one that I would avoid if it were possible; but then it is a glorious alternative when it succeeds in gaining independence for the people who take up the sword. I am not one of those who would prefer it, but I believe it is the only way to make England reasonable or just with us. The sympathy of Americans is much to be desired, but I believe that when we have proved ourselves worthy, and not till then, shall we gain the blessing of national liberty.

Mr. Mitchell was then called for and responded as follows :

#### MR. MITCHELL'S CONCLUDING REMARKS.

I can scarcely say, Mr. President, that there is any discussion existing now before you, or that there is anything left for me to say. I had not intended, nor did I at all attempt, to go into the whole question of the relation between Ireland and England. I did not undertake to give you a catalogue of the social and political oppressions that have

made Ireland what she is to-day—the beggarliest country on the face of the earth. That system has been entered into by one or two of the speakers at some length, and I am glad that my lecture, or rather the title of my discourse, gave rise to some discussions which were as entertaining as instructive. My friend, Professor Wilcox, cautions us with great earnestness against the use of violence in attempting to recover the independence of our country. He must be greatly ashamed of George Washington. [Professor Wilcox : "I think George was wrong."] (Laughter.) Very well. I will leave that part of the discussion right there. George was wrong and Mr. Wilcox is right. (Renewed laughter.) But on the question Mr. Wilcox opened in that way, viz. : what course of procedure we Irish shall take in gaining our rights, I did not come here to-night to announce that course of procedure, for we will take such course as seems to us best calculated to affect our object, and the American public is not by any means appealed to in regard to our future course. If we obey the laws of the United States, that is all you can ask of us. Therefore I shall not go further into what may be judged proper by certain naturalized or unnaturalized Irish-Americans in case of a struggle between Ireland and England. The other gentleman, who says he is a socialist, has also opened more new subjects, and into these I will not enter; but I feel greatly obliged to Mr. Devine, one of the speakers, for coming in as he did and rebuking the attempt to import some religious venom into this discussion, and for overthrowing completely the statement that Catholics owe obedience and allegiance to the Pope of Rome. The speaker who said that had no right to say it, and no authority to support it, and where he found such authority, if it was not in *Harper's Weekly*, I cannot conceive. As to the other remarks of that same gentleman, sir, who sits at your right hand, (referring to Dr. Halleck,) he brought things into this discussion that I did not know were called for; and in fact I did not very well understand, for I am not quite sure I followed him; but I believe there was something about my plantation in Alabama, which I think had nothing to do with the matter now in hand, and he told as a fact that I had gone down somewhere—where I don't know—and made a certain statement. I shall not answer it, for I think it has no relation to the case, is evidently and obviously irrelevant, and, in the strictest sense of the word, impertinent.

In regard to the case against Mr. Froude as a historian—even that case is very far from being exhausted. Mr. Meline, a citizen of Brooklyn, has gone through a large portion of the long indictment which remains against Mr. Froude, and to which he disdains to plead, because he cannot plead not guilty. But it would have been too long to enter upon, and the only distinct subject that I proposed to myself to consider to-night before you was the unfaithfulness of Mr. Froude in presenting authorities that he knew were false and worthless, grounding

my view upon the evidences he himself selected. Even as to that part of the case, I had not time to go through them all. I might have told you a great deal more. For example, he adopts the low estimate of the "massacre" which was given by Sir William Petty—that is to say 38,000 within two months; a large reduction from the 154,000 of the other authority, but Petty knew more about the statistics of the country. Dr. Petty, afterwards Sir William, was one of the largest proprietors created by the settlement under Cromwell. He ended by having in his possession £200,000 worth of land in the County Kerry alone—a million pounds sterling of our money now.

He began life in a very humble manner, and made out his education as he best could. He was a boy when the massacre took place, he had never been in Ireland in his life, and it was ten years after when he came over for the first time in the wake of Cromwell's army. Being very clever in surveying, he got the appointment of surveyor general, and laid off the land assigned to the soldiers and the officers of Cromwell's army. He made himself immensely rich and was the greatest "Carpet-bagger" of his century. Now to this man it was an absolute necessity that that massacre should be established. It was a necessity for him, because it was the very title by which he held his land. It was that massacre which brought on confiscation, and confiscation gave him his fortune. He could not afford to let go his hold upon it—it was impossible for him to afford to live without that massacre. If any one had denied it within that century, they would have had his heart's blood. Now the folly of Mr. Froude is in putting forward the authority of Petty to prove the case of this massacre of even 38,000! He denied the statement of Waring, 2,100;—Waring is a very poor kind of Protestant. The next account to that would put the number of the massacred down to nothing at all, which in fact would be the true estimate. There was a war, and a great many were killed, ten years after Cromwell landed, but none had yet suffered by massacre. Petty was on one occasion accused by Jerome Sanquey, a member of Parlaiment, and another carpet bagger, of unfair dealings in the matter of the lands of Limerick. He in fact had possession of them for himself and his friends, and injured in that way the prospects of his brother adventurers. Petty replied in a not very soothing manner, and thereupon Sir Jerome Sanquey challenged him. Now in early life and for a great part of his youth, Sir William Petty had been a very skilful carpenter, so, having the choice of weapons, what do you think he chose? carpenter's adzes in a dark cellar! Suppose you should have a quarrel with a mate of a whaling ship and he should challenge you to fight him with harpoons, the duel to be fought in boats on the open sea? It is likely that your friends would not permit you to accept that challenge. But Sir William Petty, who was certainly one of the ablest and cleverest men of that day, is, from these facts the



very worst conceivable authority for anything of which he had his part, Mr. Froude in one of his remarks about the Irish, condemning them for not having good taste or feeling, or even cleanliness, says that they don't know what to do with their country, and that they have "pared its forests to the stumps." Now Mr Froude knows—if he knows anything at all,—which seems to be a matter of doubt—he knows, for he has lived in Kerry, that Sir William Petty pared to the stumps all the forests of Kerry; and he knew, though he would not tell, why it was done. If he could not fell Sir Jerome Sanquay, he could at least fell down the trees of Kerry, for in his day Kerry, with its beautiful views and lakes, was shaded by ancient and magnificent forests of timber, and to-day they are indeed shaved to the stump. Sir William Petty erected iron furnaces there, and fed them with these trees.

Forty years after, at least, Dean Swift, having occasion to write of that country, said there was no wood left to use in house or shipbuilding, and that its forests had been "pared to the stump." Why did he cut down those forests? Mr. Froude knows, but he would never say. He cut them down because it was a time when landed estate was a very precarious matter in Ireland. There were the elements of confiscation, revolution and rebellion at work, and no man who got possession of an estate knew how long he would have it, or if he would enjoy it for a year. One thing he could do, and that was to cut down every tree, and as there was an immense demand for them, to sell them.

On one side there was massacre and continual massacre. I could not go back. It would make the hair stand on end upon your heads to read of them—of the burnings, and ravishings, and slaughter of men, women and children. But I will tell you one little incident in that history.

• There is a little peninsula called Island McGee, which runs into the sea from Belfast Lough—a very fertile and rich piece of ground, which rises gradually towards the east to the sea, and then sinks down to it in a precipice 400 feet high—more than double the height of Trinity Church. It is trap rock, and the top actually overlays the base for a couple of miles along the shore. There were perhaps two thousand persons living there, and a number of others are said to have taken refuge there, trusting to the remoteness of the peninsula, for only one point touched the mainland. The garrison of Carrickfergus Castle issued out one night—in the middle of the night—marched into the island, and history and the tradition of the country, the Earl of Clarendon and all contemporary writers agree, that they raised the people out of their beds, that they bayoneted them and piked them, and drove them before them, gathering them in, until they goaded them to the edge of the brink and then—over. They must have been dead before they reached the bottom, but you can imagine such a scene as that, in the dead of night—the shrieks of women, and all the horrors of that terrible event. In one of his lectures Mr. Froude calls this in question,



and argues that it did not take place exactly at that date, &c. I go by the authority of Lord Clarendon, and by the tradition of the country, which I have heard a hundred times, from Catholics and Protestants, that there were three thousand persons slaughtered on that night, and, as it occurred in November of 1641, before ever there was any violence, therefore it was by way of retaliation—most strictly!

I don't intend to enter into any details. My simple desire was to clear myself and my fellow Protestants of Ireland from all complicity with Mr. Froude and his Protestants. I want no distinction—no solidarity with Froude. If I have succeeded in showing that the Protestants of Ireland are not all submissive clients of that gentleman, I have succeeded in all that I attempted.

# FROUDE'S PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT

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In his book, "The English in Ireland," Mr. Froude advances the following principles as those in which England's rule over Ireland finds justification. Mr. Phillips, as an American freeman, naturally enough excepts to Mr. Froude's code in the lecture which follows. The "principles" of themselves are assuredly worthy of record in this age and country of ours. Here they are:

A natural right to liberty, irrespective of the ability to defend it, exists neither in individuals nor in nations. The superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior a natural right to be governed; and the test is to be found in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings. Among wild beasts and savages, Mr. Froude argues, might makes right. Among reasonable beings, right is forever tending to make might. Superior intelligence and character compensate for inferiority of numbers. The better sort of men willingly submit to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves. The faculty of organization creates superiority of force. The ignorant and the selfish are thus justly compelled to obey a rule which delivers them from their own natural weakness. No person has an inherent privilege to lead an unworthy life, when he can be forced upon a more honorable career. The rights of man are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control. The right of a people to self-government consists only in their power to defend themselves. All societies of men are naturally forced into relations with other societies of men. They are natural friends or natural rivals; they accordingly either agree to unite, or else find themselves in collision, when the weaker gives way. On the whole, superior strength is the equivalent of superior merit. When a weaker people are compelled to part with their separate existence, and are permitted to share the privileges of the nation in which they are absorbed, they forfeit nothing which they should care to lose, and rather gain than suffer by the exchange. There is no freedom possible to man except in obedience to law, and those who cannot prescribe a law to themselves must be content to accept direction from others. Liberty is only the privilege of those who can govern themselves better than others can govern them. They who are able to govern themselves need not petition for a boon which they can take for themselves.

Before reading the lecture of Mr Phillips, the reader's attention is invited to the comment upon this notable code made by a leading American journal—the *New York Tribune*, as follows:

"From the announcement of these principles of government, which virtually coincide with the odious theories of Thomas Hobbes, that were so stoutly resisted by the great thinkers of the seventeenth century as sapping the foundations of civil society, and in which the sense of justice is absorbed in the consciousness of power, THE TRANSITION IS EASY TO THE DEFENSE OF THE OPPRESSION WHICH SUBJECTED THE AMERICAN COLONIES TO THE CAPRICES OF BRITISH DESPOTISM, AND WHICH STILL HOLDS A BRAVE AND GENEROUS PEOPLE IN THRALDOM TO AN ARBITRARY FOREIGN RULE."

# REVIEW OF MR. FROUDE.

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LECTURE AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, DECEMBER 3, 1872,

BY

## WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMAN—I am to offer to you one or two suggestions touching Mr. Froude's lecture on the relations of Great Britain and Ireland. He said he came here to argue his case before the American people as a jury, and in my narrow way I wish to use the hour you lend to me to-night in rendering a verdict. It was a great privilege to hear an English scholar's view of these critical relations between England and Ireland; it was a theme deeply interesting to every student of English literature and politics, and the interest was deepened into gratitude when with generous purpose he gave the receipts of these lectures to the sufferers of our great conflagration. I was gratified, also, at the channel which he chose for his address to the American people—the lyceum. It was a marked recognition of this new form for the public discussion of great national questions, it was a compliment, well deserved, to the impartiality and intelligence of the audiences which make up the great American lyceum. Of course, being Froude, it was brilliant and picturesque in narrative, graphic, instructive, and if he did not bring us many new facts, at least in the manner in which he told old ones he revealed the mood, the temper of mind in which England looks at the question to-day, and that of itself is a great revelation. Horne Tooke said once, when Gibbon wrote his autobiography, that a man who had anything to conceal ought to do anything rather than write his own life, that he should beg his worst enemy to write it before he trusted the unconscious betrayal of what he would have been but too willing to conceal. So I think in the mode, in the standpoint, in the whole inspiration of these fine testimonies to the relation of Great Britain and Ireland we have the latest and the most authentic, and the most trustworthy declaration of the mode in which the leading Englishmen of to-day regard the Irish question. We all had reason to expect a scholar's treatment, to expect that he would bring order out of chaos, that the tangled web of this Irish history which had confused all students and puzzled the most patient inquirer, would be straightened out and cleared up. For one, I never expected the exact statement; the close narrative, the logical sequences or the instinct of the historian, for *I think it cannot be said that Mr. Froude has ever written anything that deserves the name of history*. Fairly judged, he is a fervent, brilliant and earnest writer of party pamphlets, and grouping together these whole fine presentations of the Irish question; after all they are so discordant, so partisan, so fragmentary, so one-sided, that it only runs in the line with the character of his whole literary work. If he had not had occasion to name frequently the O'Connells, the O'Neills, the O'Briens, the Geraldines and the Desmonds, I should hardly have known, as I listened, that it was an Irish story. In my hasty way I have had occasion to study somewhat at length the history of Ireland in its relation to the British government, and I confess, with the exceptions of the dates and the names, I should not have recognized the picture which the brilliant essayist drew. I remember once Mrs. Butler read for us a striking extract from Marmion. I have declaimed it, listened to it, sung it, and crooned it over a hundred times, and when I heard it announced it seemed to me it would be but a tame piece to listen to; but when the deep-studied and unequalled voice, and that soul that permeates all her public readings, gave me the piece anew, I thought I had never seen it at all.



So, when I listened to this history of Froude's, taking out the names and the dates, I did not recognize the story. No doubt, it was fair enough to England. With rare justice, he painted her as black as she deserved. That is honestly to be said. But having given one broad, liberal black pigment to the whole canvas, he took it all off and brightened up the lines. As it was said of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he would proclaim an artist the first of painters, and then in detail deny him every quality of the artist, so Froude, having told us in a sentence of marvelous frankness that Elizabeth was chargeable with every fault that a ruler could commit, that she lacked every quality of a worthy ruler, went on piece by piece to say that in no other possible way but the one she did could she have met the exigencies of her reign. Then when you turn to Ireland every statement I think of the Englishman is false; false in this sense, that it clutched at every idle tale that reflected upon Ireland, while it subjected to just and merciless scrutiny every story that told against England. He painted the poverty, the anarchy, the demoralization, the degradation of Ireland for the last three centuries, as if it stood out exceptional in Europe, as if every other kingdom was bright, and this was the only dark and disgusting spot on the continent; whereas he knew, and would not if questioned have denied, *that the same poverty, the same reckless immorality, the same incredible ignorance, which he attributed to, Ireland, was true of France at that day, true of England at the same period, truer still of Scotland at every date that he named.* And then when he came to the public men of Ireland he painted them monsters of corruption, steeped in the utmost subserviency, in the most entire readiness to traffic for votes and principles when he knew that, all that being granted, these men were only toiling and painting in their narrow capacity to lift themselves up to the level of the corruption of their English brothers! He painted every leading Irishman but Grattan either as a noisy demagogue or a childish sentimentalist, and even Grattan, when he said that he was honest, he finally ended by painting him as a simpleton. I know that you can pick out of his lectures here and there a just sentence of acknowledgment; but I am endeavoring to give the result of all the discourses—the impression, that would be left on the patient listener after hearing them all. Now, it seems to me that all this indicates the partisan, the pamphleteer, the pleader of a cause, not an impartial searcher after a great truth or the generous and frank acknowledgment of a great national error. Some men were surprised that an Englishman should bring to this country a question of apparently so little interest as the relations of Ireland, but it would be only a superficial thinker that would be led into that mistake. The relations of Ireland are the gravest, the most important feature of England's political life. Eight years ago I was hissed in Cooper Institute for having said that England was a second-rate power on the chess-board of Europe, but to-day her journalists have ceased to deny the fact, and are engaged in an explanation of why she is so. And the two great influences which made her fall from a first-class power are the neglect and oppression of her own masses and seven centuries of unadulterated and infamous oppression of Ireland. Mr. Froude told us with epigrammatic force and great truth, that the wickedness of nations was always punished, that, no matter how long Providence waited, in the end the wickedness of one generation was answered by the weakness of another. England has held for seven centuries to the lips of her sister Ireland a poisoned chalice. Its ingredients were the deepest contempt, the most unmeasured oppression, injustice, such as the world never saw before. As Mr. Froude said, Providence is to-day holding back that same cup to the lips of the mother country, which has, within a dozen years, felt the deep punishment of her long injustice to Ireland. Ten years ago, when Germany pressed to the wall the small kingdom of Denmark, which gave to England her Princess of Wales, England longed to draw her sword; when, two years ago, Bismarck snubbed her in the face of all Europe, again and again insulted her, smote her actually in the face, England longed to draw her sword, but she knew right well that the first cannon that she fired at any first-rate power, Ireland would stab her in the back. Checkmated, she cannot move on the



chess-board of the great powers, and one of the great causes of this crippling of her powers is the Irish question.

I do not wonder at all that the thoughtful Englishman should long to explain to the world, if he can, how the steps by which his country has been brought to this state have been inevitable, that by no wit of statesmanship, by no generosity of high-toned and magnanimous honor could she have avoided the path in which she is treading. If Mr. Froude could make out that proposition; if he could convince the world through the American people that England accepted the inevitable fate which the geographical proximity of Ireland had entailed upon her, it would have gone half way to wipe out the clots on his country's fame. I do not wonder he should make the attempt. I believe that instead of England's having conquered Ireland, that in the true, essential statement of the case, as it stands to-day Ireland has conquered England! She has summoned her before the bar of the civilized world to judge the justice of her legislation; she has checkmated her as a power on the chess-board of Europe; she has monopolized the attention of her statesmen; she has made her own island the pivot upon which the destiny of England turns, and her last great statesman and present prime minister, Mr. Gladstone, owes whatever fame he has to the supposition that at last he has devised a way by which he can conciliate Ireland and save his own country. But in all the presentations of the case it seems to me that our English friend has been a partisan and not a judge. Let me illustrate in one or two instances what I consider the justice of this charge. The population of Ireland, previous to 1811, is wholly matter of guess. There never was a census until after this century had opened. Sir William Pettie, Fynes Morrison, the secretary of Lord Mountjoy, and others have formed an estimate of the different periods of the population of Ireland. Now, what I charge as a proof of partisanship is that whenever it served his purpose to adopt a small guess in order to excuse an English injustice or to bear hardly down on the critical condition of the Irish, he has always selected the smallest possible estimate. Whenever it served his purpose, on the contrary, to exaggerate the moral inefficiency of the Irish people, the divided councils, the quarrelsome generations, the totally inefficient race, compared with some interval of English rule, he has always adopted the largest guess. For instance, the historian's estimate of the population of Ireland was made about the year 1600, the beginning of the seventeenth century, which was made by Fynes Morrison. He puts it at from 500,000 to 600,000 men. Mr. Froude adopts this when he wants to say that James I., in confiscating six of the best counties in Ireland and settling them on his followers, was not very harmful, because, he says, there were very few inhabitants in Ireland, and room enough for a great many more. I do not see myself by what principle he would justify a despot in confiscating the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Middlesex, Bristol and Worcester, Massachusetts, turn out all the inhabitants and give the property to aliens, because there was a great deal of vacant land in Nebraska! I do not see the exact moral principle by which this can be done. Then he brings us down to 1641-'49, the era when Cromwell, with 14,000 troops, subdued Ireland. Then if it is his purpose as an advocate to swell Ireland into large proportions, and show you a great people swept like a herd of stags before one single powerful English hand. Then he tells you that Sir William Pettie had estimated the population of Ireland in 1641 at a million and a half of human beings, an estimation which Hallam calls prodigiously vain, and it is one of the most marvelous estimates in history. Here was an island, poverty-stricken, scourged by war, robbed of its soil, and still it had trebled in population in about thirty-eight years, when, with all our multitudinous and uncounted emigration, with all our swelling prosperity, with all our industry and peace, with all our fruitful lands and no touch of war, with all this, it took our country more time than that to treble. It took France 166 years to treble, but this poverty-stricken, war-ridden, decimated, starved race trebled in a quarter of the time. However, having put down that point the advocate goes on in order to exaggerate the

trebled immorality and frightful fratricidal nature of Irish life, and tells you that in the next nine years this curious population, which had trebled four times quicker than any other nation in Europe, lost 600,000 in the wars. How the wars became so much more dangerous and bloody and exhaustive in these nine years than in the thirty-eight years before, nobody explains. He tells us there were 900,000 men, women and children when Cromwell came to Ireland. These 900,000 were the old, the young, the women, the decrepit, the home-keepers. Cromwell landed with 14,000 men, and how many did he meet? How many did this population send out to meet him? Two hundred thousand men! Every other man in the island went out. When France elevated herself with gigantic energy to throw back the utter disgrace of German annihilation, how many men did she put in the field? One in fifty. When Germany moved to the contest for the imperial dignity of Europe, raised all her power to crush France in that terrific struggle, how many did she raise? One in thirty-five. When the South, in her terrible conflict with us, was said to have emptied everything but her graveyards into the camps, how many did she send out? One in twenty. But this poverty-stricken, decimated, women and children population, went out one in four! [Laughter.] Massachusetts, stirred to the bottom, elevated to a heroic enthusiasm, in the late war, sent out how many? One in sixteen. Massachusetts, swelling, earnest, prosperous, peaceful for forty years, full of adult, robust men, sends out one in sixteen, or one in eighteen, it is hard to say precisely; but Ireland, wasted by a hundred years' war, sent one in four, if you will believe Mr. Froude. There never was such a nation on the face of the earth. Well, all I can say is that if 900,000 sick, infants, men and old women, contrive to put an army of 200,000 into the field to fight a nationality that is trying to crush them, God crush the nation that ever dare to lift a hand against it! [Applause.] But that is the idlest tale in the world, of course. She never raised the army; no creditable authority ever supposes it. She had probably 30,000 or 40,000 men in the field in different parts of Ireland, and that would give her a much larger army than any other nation of similar size was ever supposed to send into the field, and Mr. Froude says they all united against Cromwell, whereas they were about equally divided among themselves, and that discussion was worse than English arms. But you see it was necessary to make out the picture that we should get a large army of 225,000 men, because otherwise it would not have been possible for the brilliant essayist to end off with his usual figure that after one or two stalwart blows they all disappeared like a snow-drift before the sun. Yes, that is a favorite phrase; it occurs half a dozen times in describing the defeat of the Irish army, and if it is wanting, then comes another that they were like straw set on fire. Cromwell went to Drogheda and massacred every living being; he went to Wexford and met with stalwart resistance, and then fleshed his sword in blood with a barbarity which even Macaulay hesitates to describe. "At last Ireland knelt down at his feet." Knelt, did she? Well, the next city he went to was Clonmel, and she resisted so gallantly that he granted her honorable terms. In Kilkenny nothing but the treachery of some persons inside the walls would have got Cromwell inside, and he himself said, "I never could have touched you, if you had not a traitor t'other side of the walls." That did not look much like a snow-drift. But Scotland is the great ideal of our eloquent friend. It was Scotland that never made a misstep; it was Scotland that exhibited the finest qualities of national unanimity. Well this great English soldier went to Ireland, and had spent a year, and after massacring, butchering two cities, and having a hard fight with two more, and leaving them with compliments and honors, and then unable, even then, to leave Ireland till the Protestants betrayed their own Ireland, this same soldier went to model Scotland, high-toned, chivalrous, united, brave, ideal Scotland, fought two battles, took one city, had no butchery, and in six months left it subjected. Is that a snow-drift? Rather it is more of a snow-drift than Ireland. I claim no praise for Ireland especially. She did make no very gallant resistance, broken up into races, divided by sects, worn by centuries of oppres-

sion. When Grattan, with his heroic energy, and by the power of his simple life and eloquent tongue, elevated Ireland into the union of 1782, taking advantage with statesmanlike insight of the great opportunity of England's affairs, Mr. Froude has no praise for him, and he tells us that the constitution he founded, if allowed to live, would have amounted to nothing, because every Irish member of Parliament was corrupt; and he told us of this man offering himself for sale, and another asking for a thousand pounds, and when he had painted the infamy of the traffic, he said, where is Grattan? It was a just and honorable testimony against political corruption, and did honor to him who made it. Cannot we see that this effort is made to prove that nation is unfit to be trusted with self-government? Cannot we see that the man points to the Irish Parliament, with such a leader as Grattan, and says it is unfit to be trusted with a constitution, until some wiser, pure-minded race is allowed to intervene and save them from themselves? May we not ask where is that race to be found, and are you sure that you will find it in London, composed in equal parts of Scotch and English members of the House of Commons? Scotland sold Charles I. to his enemies, the old English nation, for 400,000 pounds. That is angelic! The French Minister of Louis XIV. reported to the French Government the names of the men who took money to sell their country in the time of Charles II.—every great name except that of Russell, the younger Hampden, Algernon Sidney, and all the great names that figure in a boy's rhetoric at college. Will you go down a little further? Walpole, after being expelled from the House of Commons, becomes afterwards the Prime Minister of that respectable body, and boasts that he knows the price of every man in it, and dies the inhabitant of a palace filled with the plunder of his official life. Chatham, that name that no stain ever touched, becomes the paymaster of the English forces, and refuses to steal the interest of the public funds and put it in his pocket; and Grattan says such honesty astonished Europe. Macaulay says such integrity was not known among politicians. Miss Martineau says his course was incredible, and King George II. said that an honest man like that was an honor to human nature. If a simple honesty like that astonished the world, what must the world have been? Well, that same picking and stealing, which Chatham disclaimed to touch, was well known to have been the foundation of the princely fortunes of the house of Holland. This is the angelic nation that comes down to help poor Ireland, and before whom does Mr. Froude first make this argument? To whom, on his landing on this soil, does he offer it? To an audience of New York, where, if he had said it three years before, it would have taken a lantern infinitely brighter than Diogenes' to have found one honest man in the City or State Government. Why, it seems to me an actual impudence, astounding, to give that as a reason why the constitution of Grattan could not have succeeded. How should we have borne it if Tweed had lived in 1790, and some Englishmen had proposed that the sons of George III., with their mistresses, should come over here, and the members of the House of Commons, and help New York to an honest government? It seems to me that the painter of such a picture is not a fair judge of the condition of Ireland. Then again, take this very criticism on Henry Grattan, Wolfe Tone of 1782, who undertook, under the constitution, to carry out the nationality of their country.

Mr. Froude read us with great nausea, some very absurd proclamations that proceeded from the pen of Wolfe Tone, but remember that there have been a great many silly proclamations, and it does not prove at all, because a man's head may have been carried away with the excitement of the controversy, he may not be an honest man and a patriot after all. What was it that turned the hearts of the young men of Ireland of that heroic day? Why, he tells us that it was the French revolution, the revolution that was a tornado and earthquake combined. It swept up in its great maelstrom Mackintosh, Jefferson, the Duke of Richmond, and the finest intellects of Europe. It swept kingdoms from their places, and even agitated this young republic. It was no



fault of Grattan, it was the common misfortune of that generation that the violence of the French revolution upset the hopes and rendered useless the labors of many a patient and great soul. It is not to be thrown upon Grattan as an evidence that he lacked common sense and statesmanship, but only that in common with all Europe he felt the violence of that critical period in the history of the human race. Mr. Froude never mentioned the name of any man who played a part in Ireland's history, with the exception of Grattan, but that he sneered at him. Hugh O'Neil, brought up in the court of Elizabeth, brought up in the knowledge of the chivalry of the day, the moment he throws off the gilded slavery and his foot touches the soil of his native island, rose at the head of his people to fling off the yoke. And Mr. Froude says—what? He tells us the story that a wolf, treated as a dog, is still a wolf—that is an Irishman. But when Robert Bruce, educated in the same way, in the court of Edward, flung away the gilded chains as soon as he could, and drew the sword for Scotland, and hurled defiance at England, then, in the language of Mr. Froude, he is a patriot, and Scotland is a model kingdom. He never compares Bruce to a wolf. And when William the Silent left the Court of Spain and the moment he reached Holland, flung defiance at Spain, he is not a wolf, it is only an Irishman who follows humbly at a great distance these illustrious examples, or preceding them sets them the example of this patriotic course, that is a wolf treated as a dog, and still remaining a wolf.

I appeal, said Mr. Phillips, to the grand jury of the American people, whether a nation that cannot rule a nation except with the sword, after 700 years, is not bound to give up; that in endeavoring to rule another race it has no policy except extermination, is it not bound to give up? For seven hundred years proud and conceited England has been governing impoverished Ireland under the pretence that Ireland cannot take care of itself. I say let her try! Mr. Froude says, why if Ireland wants it we will let her go, but we know it will be to anarchy. Still I say, let her try. Suppose she fails, suppose that her statesmen fail her, whose fault will it be? Her own? I submit not. Suppose a man were kidnapped, gagged, bound, robbed, abused, and thrown on board a ship and taken to sea; and suppose that in mid-ocean his captors relented and said: "We have done wrong; we must let him go;" and if they let him loose and flung him unbound into the sea, and he sank and were drowned—whose fault would it be? If I were an Irishman, I know I should be a Fenian; I should have followed Smith O'Brien. At last, however, taught by the long experience, convinced by the intellect and proved statesmanship of Grattan and O'Connell, Mr. Gladstone turns himself to the problem. Disraeli stands by his side. Every great nation in Europe feels that until this question is settled England can never draw a sword, while her scholars come over to this other branch of the English race, to claim of us a verdict that shall be *a salve to a conscience that has no rest, haunted by the ghosts of Elizabeths and Henrys that have made the blood of the Saxon race infamous on the records of history.*

### LETTER FROM MR. PHILLIPS.

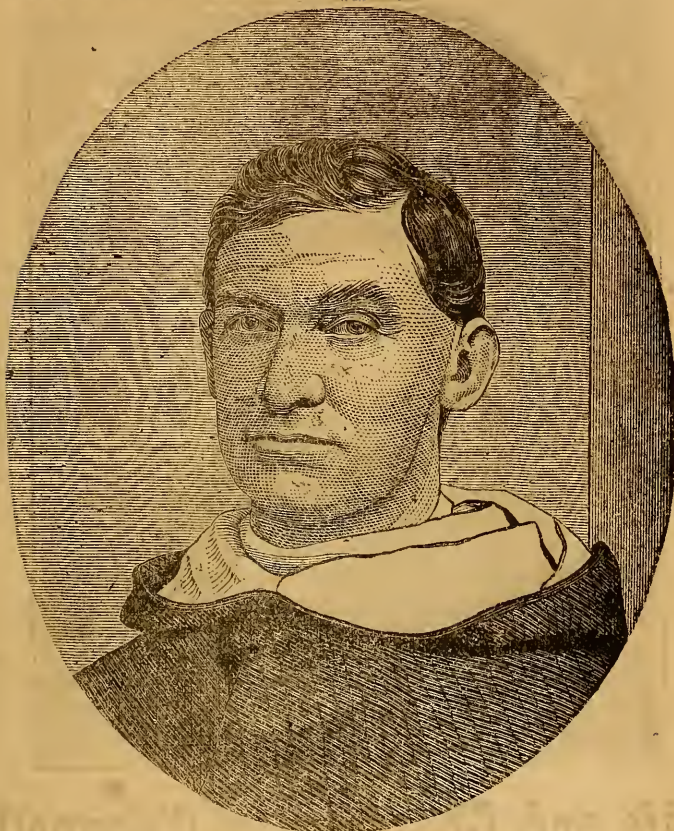
To a friend in New York, Mr. Phillips has written concerning the above Lecture as follows:—

"DEAR SIR:—I put my heart into that talk (reply to Froude), understanding that Froude's argument was the principle that a *merciful despotism* was a one thing necessary—which the Fourth of July and the Declaration of Independence repudiate. Then, he never would allow that any Irishman, even by chance, ever blundered into a virtue."

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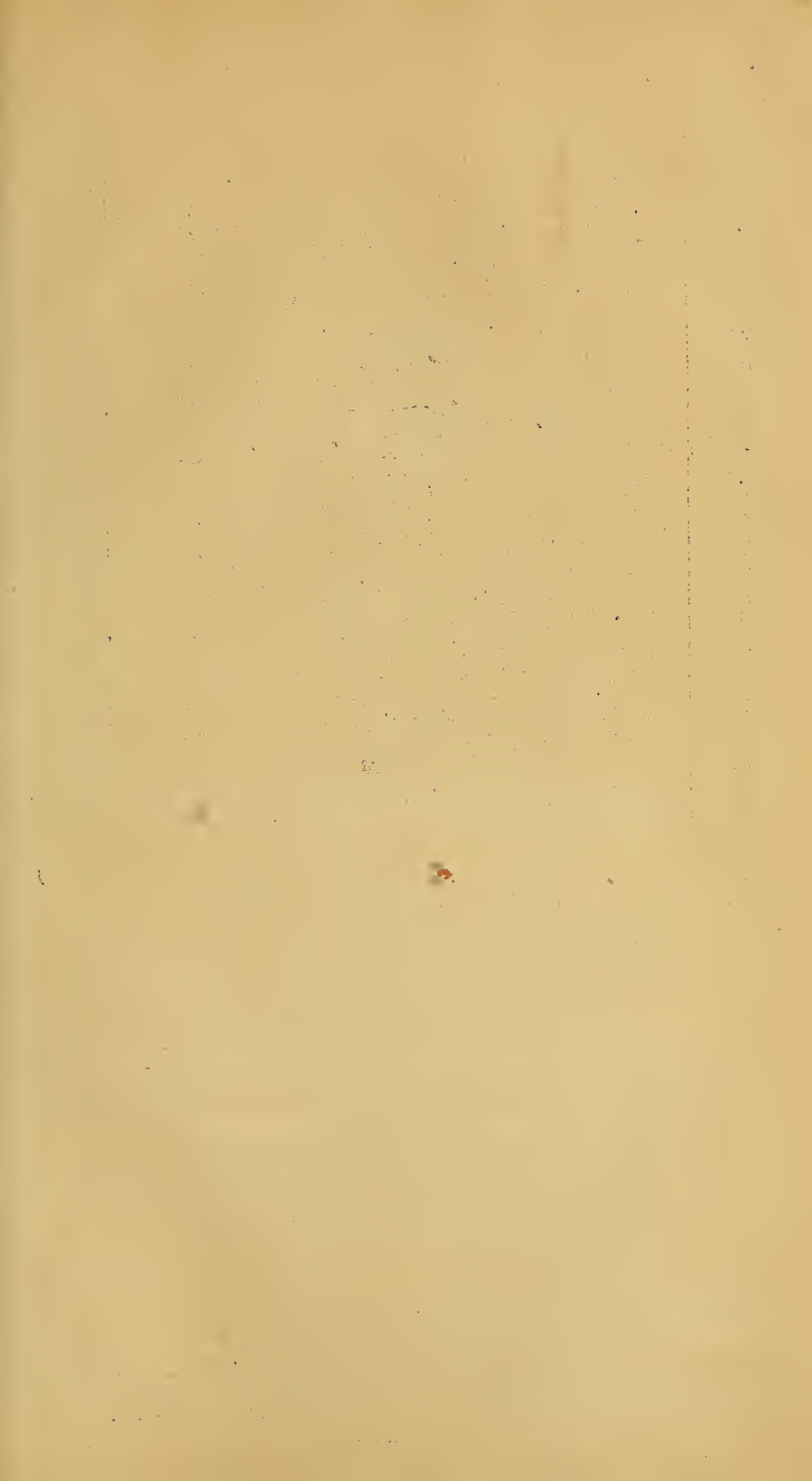
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